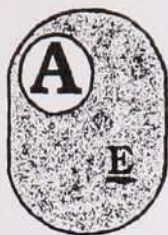


44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION



8 BALL TAILS

Vol. 1 - Issue #3

Summer 1995

Non Profit Veterans Organization

Journal of the
44th Bomb Group
Veterans Association

EIN #68-0351397



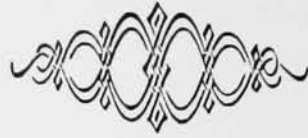
Bombs Away!

Pilot Thom, No Name 42-100411 E, Lost 21 June 1944

The Bombs Away! photo of our featured aircraft this issue is one of the best in our files of a B-24 Liberator "at work." The date 5 March 1944, the crew of Lt. George J. Thom, the target Berlin, the third combat mission for Aircraft #42-100411, Call Letter E-Bar.

E-Bar was never distinguished by a peculiar name or emblazoned with some nose art, but she accomplished an amazing combat record in the brief three and a half month span she flew for the 67th Squadron before going down on 21 June 1944, again on a Berlin strike. E-Bar came to the 44th the last of February and flew her first mission on 3 March 1944, Lt. Thom commanding. Her career ended on her 37th mission. In March alone, she flew 17 missions. Twice in that month she flew four missions back to back.

While E-Bar had Lt. Norman E. Howe at the controls when she went down, she flew with several different crews in combat. Those most frequently aboard were Lt. Thom and Lt. James M. Stephens and crew. We are making progress regaining contact with the surviving members of the Howe crew, as evidenced by the 506th Squadron Crew Losses Report, and have located most the of the Stephens crew. We are having some difficulty making contact with the Thom crew.



67 COMBAT CREWS



Lt. J. Stephens' Crew

Pilot, James H. Stephens, Deceased 10/6/91

Co-Pilot, Gunnard C. Ohlsson, 921 Green Star Drive #902, Colorado Springs, CO 80906-1820

Navigator, James H. Buchanan

Bombardier, Herbert J. Wilson, Box 249, New Town, ND 58763-0849

Engineer, Henry Meling, Deceased 11/9/53

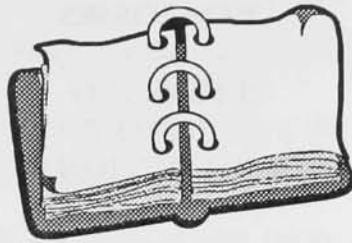
Radio Operator, Martin J. Ferrick, 21508 Santa Elena, Lago Vista, TX 78645

Waist Gunner, Kenneth P. Hummel

Waist Gunner, Richard P. Hein, 7870 Trenton, St. Louis, MO 63130

H Gunner, Tom J. Thomas, 2921 Telhurst Ct., Moraine, OH 45439-1418

Tail Gunner, Clyde B. Hisel, Deceased



BRIEF HISTORY

AIRCRAFT #42-100411 E

B-24J-100-CO Olive, Drab in Color.

Was assigned to the 67th Squadron prior to 3 March 1944.

The Letters NB were painted on both sides of the rear fuselage behind the waist windows.

Incomplete Listing of Missions Flown:

<u>MONTH</u>	<u>DAY</u>	<u>PILOT</u>	<u>MONTH</u>	<u>DAY</u>	<u>PILOT</u>
March	3	Thom	April	9	Jefferson
March	4	Schmidt	April	11	Stephens
March	5	Thom	April	12	Stephens
March	6	Thom	April	?	Mueller
March	8	McCormick	April	18	Stephens
March	9	Cookus	April	19	Stephens
March	12	McCormick	April	20	Stephens
March	15	Thom	April	22	Thames
March	16	Thom	April	27	Arnold
March	17	Thom	May	1	Thames
March	18	Thornton	May	7	Thames
March	21	Thom	May	8	?
March	23	Thom	May	10	Recalled
March	24	Thom	May	27	Thames
March	26	Thom (Spare)	May	28	Thames
March	27	Metts	May	30	Thames
March	31	Thom (Spare)	June	7	Carter
			June	19	Henry
			June	20	Henry
			June	21	Howe

Aircraft and Crew Lost

9 Prisoners of War

1 Killed in Action

506TH BOMB SQUADRON
CREW LOSSES

21 JUNE 1944

42-100411 E

DOWN ON 14TH MISSION FOR CREW

Pilot, Norman E. Howe, POW, Wife Marian, Box 553, Freeland, WA 98248

Co-Pilot, Gordon W. Henderson, KIA - shot while parachuting

Navigator, David Milton Harris, POW, Son Marc, 300 Mildren Avenue, Apt. 8, Weirton, WV 26062

Bombardier, Franklin W. Binkley, POW, Park Ridge, IL

Waist Gun Engineer, Robert E. Smith, POW, 702 Shuffleton, St. Sigourmey, IA 52591

Radio Operator, Henry D. Faller, POW, 1115 Kingston, Flint, MI 48507

Top Turret Waist Gunner, William L. McConnaughay, POW, 104 South Joseph, Sulpher, LA 70663

Waist Gunner, Frank Stoltz, POW, 2709 Pleasant St., Miles City, MT 59301

Tail Turret H Gunner, Francis E. Termin, POW, PO Box 13, Glen Hope, PA 16645

21 JUNE 1944

TARGET: BERLIN

GROW (DAVIDO)

A+ | 800

HUNDELT

H | 031

DAVIS

M+ | 783

DUWE

A | 087

GUNTON

L | 846

KNOWLES

O | 049

GILBERT

I | 193

HENRY

J | 189

HERMANN

T | 021

HONMYHR

K | 314

HERRING

P | 997

CARTER

S | 329

PERETTI

Z | 001

PRINCIPE

V | 112

MORRISON

G | 170

EDMONSON

C | 226

WEAVER

O | 057

SMITH

X | 329

DONALD

F | 367

BONNETT

E | 101

FORD

A | 049

ANDERSON

S | 643

CAYMAN

O | 082

RICKETTS

B | 098

MENDENHALL

T | 088

LANDAHL

K | 181

WESTCOTT

H | 829

HOWE

E | 411

MCKENNA

L | 177

LEONARD

Z | 016

DOCKTER

Q | 496

HRUBY

C | 616

TITER

A | 952

TUCKER

Y | 415

MENZEL

R | 034

MILLIKEN

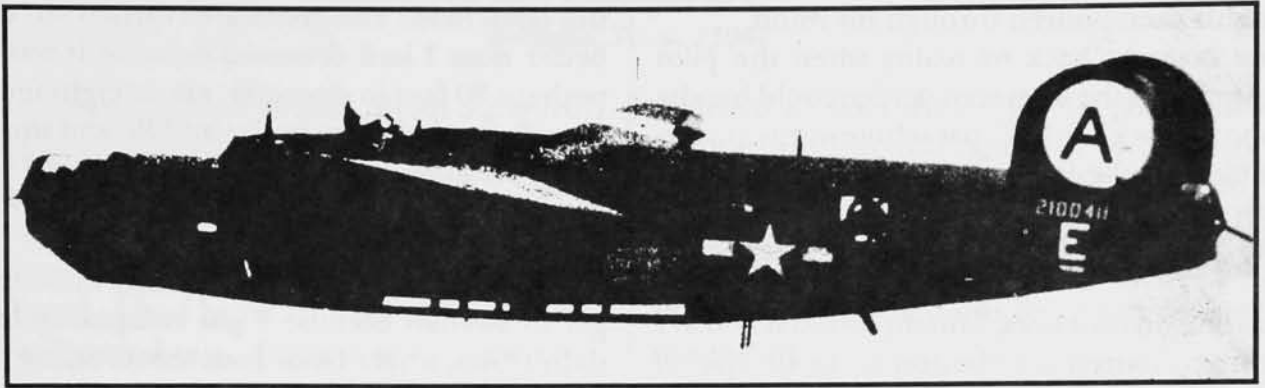
S | 030

66TH SQ. LEADS: McCormick F+ 788 & Craig, B+ - 785 to 392nd BG
Mustapa E+ 776 & Yoder L+ 769 to 466th; and
Englehardt C+ 772 to 467th BG

THE LAST FLIGHT OF E-BAR

By: S/Sgt. William McConnaughay

The following is a condensation covering his experiences relating to this day, 14 June 1944:



Our trip to Berlin, our 14th into Germany, was uneventful, due mostly to a good cloud cover, with only isolated pockets of inaccurate anti-aircraft fire. About forty to fifty miles out from Berlin, our cloud cover dissipated and we could see a light haze hanging over Berlin. Our flight plan routed us southeast to a point approximately twenty miles south of Berlin, and then due north across the city.

As we turned north and quickly approached our target, the whole damn sky, almost as far as the eye could see, was a blazing inferno created by the hundreds of anti-aircraft guns installed there. Off to each side, German spotter planes were flying at our exact altitude, relaying this information to the gun batteries below, increasing their efficiency for their devastating barrage on our bombers. Although we tried to ignore it, we could see bombers ahead of us falling out of formation, some blowing up, and an ever increasing number of parachutes floating down over the city.

Even at this time, I believe all of us thought we lived a charmed life and were going to make it. But seconds before we were to drop our bombs, a shell exploded in the vicinity of our left outboard (#1) engine. We dropped out of formation like a ton of bricks and continued to lose altitude until we could jettison our bomb load. With the bombs gone, we were able to stabilize our position and were soon over the out-skirts of Berlin. A quick check of the plane revealed our condition not critical, and our Navigator, Lt. Harris, estimated we could be in Sweden in approximately 35 minutes.

My job as a gunner on the crew was to operate the top turret located on top of the aircraft, directly over the flight deck. As I rotated my turret, I saw some ME 109's closing rapidly from the rear. These fighters had a 20mm cannon in the nose and three .30 caliber machine guns in each wing. As the first two fighters made their pass at us, their cannons made gaping holes in our left rear stabilizer and the left wing. When the third plane came in, I was nearly hypnotized when .30 caliber bullets started penetrating the fuselage on the top and rear of our bomber...and they came directly in a line for my turret. In what seemed an eternity, .30 bullets came crashing into my turret through the plastic bubble!

Although slightly dazed from this experience, I remembered something had hit me in the neck and I was convinced it was one of those bullets. I immediately had the sensation of blood running down my neck and a very sticky feeling in my flight suit. Instinctively, I followed the fourth fighter through his pass and about burned out my gun barrels trying to get revenge. He came right in on top of us, and just before he turned it over to go down and away, he raised his hand and waved! Although he was long gone, I remember waving back at him.

Surveying the damages from my vantage point, I could see that the entire left rear stabilizer was gone and approximately one-third of the left wing. It seemed like there were thousands of holes. Our plane at this time was completely out of control, and I'm sure that the pilots were far too busy to inform the rest of us what we could expect.

In the confusion that followed, I forgot I had a .30 caliber bullet through my neck and probably was bleeding to death. Then reality came back, positive that I was dying, I became hysterical. I remember hollering incoherently, but then, just as quickly, I became calm and at peace with the world. All sorts of thoughts then poured through my mind.

I was brought back to reality when the pilot announced over the intercom that he could handle the plane and we should all parachute out as quickly as possible. I immediately crawled out of my turret and desperately started looking for my parachute that I had so nonchalantly tossed on my flight deck earlier.

Crawling on my knees, I finally found it and as I stood up and started to unbutton my heated jacket to snap on my chute, I noticed several fragments of plastic about the size of a dime fall out onto the floor. As I continued to unbutton my jacket, I realized my flight suit was soaking wet - with sweat! It slowly dawned on me that I had found my .30 caliber bullet and the blood.

Crawling over to the bomb bay, I jumped out, following my plan to free fall as long as possible, but suddenly I was in a small, low-flying cloud and could not see the ground. I immediately tried to open my chute, but nothing happened. With my heart skipping beats, I looked down and there was my left hand desperately trying to keep my right hand from pulling the rip cord. Under control now, I pulled the cord for a short ride to earth with my chute blossoming above me.

With all of this activity, I had completely forgotten about the rest of the crew. Looking up, I quickly counted eight chutes - all of them crewmen. They were all in the same general area and still about a mile up. Breaking almost every rule, I headed on a dead run for a relatively small wooded area where I stopped, sat down and became violently ill at my stomach. I had not been there long when I heard the roar of airplane engines, followed by limbs being torn off trees, and then a shower of airplane parts and pieces of trees. Looking up, directly over my head and not thirty feet high, a four-engine bomber was crashing through the trees and finally came to rest less than a quarter of a mile in front of me!

Dazed for a bit by the fire, smoke, exploding ammunition, I was jarred back to reality by a large explosion - probably the gasoline. I jumped up and ran out of the woods, back into the potato field where I had landed, and then noticed a small green spot ahead and ran for it - anything was better than this open field. The green area turned out to be far better than I had dreamed because it was a hole perhaps 30 feet in diameter, about eight feet deep, a small pond of water in the middle and small trees and shrubs around the entire bank. Soon I was into the water up to my armpits, my head and shoulders well covered by a small tree...

I was captured 10 to 12 days later while trying to get to Sweden because I got completely lost and didn't know where I was. I was sent to Stalag Luft #1.

Sgt. Faller, Radioman, answered a few questions also, "As I recall, we did have a borrowed plane, but I don't remember why. We received a direct hit through #1 engine just before the bomb run and fell out of formation. After salvaging our bombs, we headed cross-country hoping to tap onto some formation, but were hit by about six ME 109's who took turns at us. When it became evident that we could no longer stay airborne (about 12,000 feet), we bailed out and all became POW's except our copilot, Henderson. He was killed by civilians when he landed."



DECISION MISSION 24
27 JUNE 1944
44TH BOMB GROUP 506TH B.S.

Submitted by Robert M. Foust
1725 Grauwylers #137
Irvingus, Texas 75061

Shipdham Air Base, 3:00 AM, 506th Squadron Quonset Hut, everyone was asleep, finally. YA HO, YA HO, YA HO rang out "Time to fly those Bloody Kites, wake up you fly boys. Docketor's Crew, Stone's Crew, breakfast in 15 minutes" the CQ hollered. I had been asleep maybe an hour when he shouted out. I'll probably remember that sound the rest of my life. Having slept in my flying coveralls, I slipped on my shoes, grabbed my leather jacket and hat and headed for the trucks to take us to the mess hall, along with the rest of the crew. Breakfast at 03:15, briefing at 04:00 came the voice over the PA system.

Breakfast was pancakes and bacon for me. Then on to briefing. Our mission was Creil, a marshalling yards north of Paris. We were to carry 12-500 pound GP bombs. The enlisted men were excused from briefing and went on to get on our flying gear and check our valuables. Then by the armory to pick up our guns and on to our aircraft.

The crew went about their task of pre-flight on "ShackRat," our aircraft. As a right waist gunner, the pilot assigned me to be in charge of the rear of the plane. My duties included starting the "Putt Putt," the auxiliary power generator. After installing my waist gun and starting the A.P.G., I plugged in my heated flying suit and my headphones, spread out a couple of flak suits on the ribbed deck and promptly went to sleep. I would doze while the engines were run up and usually during the long period till we joined the formation to head to our target.

We had some problems during assembly of our group, but word from the pilot to test fire our guns meant we were over the channel and headed to France. Before we reached the coast, I was

ordered to start throwing out chaff, anti-radar strips of tinfoil. Sitting down by the rear hatch I started dropping the bundles through the chute provided. I must have gone through 10 boxes of chaff before hearing on the intercom that we had reached our IP and were turning on the target.

On a previous mission, Bill Strange and I had seen a B-24 pull up beside us in the formation. You could see fuel streaming from the bomb bay. On board the crew could be seen going back and forth working on the problem. Painted on the nose was the name "Tuffey," which was a nickname we had given Bill. Fire erupted from the aircraft and it dove out of our formation and sailed under and off to the left of us. Bodies began jumping out on fire as the B-24 burst in two. Their chutes would open only to be consumed in flames. Bill looked at me and said "If we were ever hit in our fuel tanks, I'm going to get out before the fire begins."

"Bomb bay doors open," came the command and "Bombs away" as the B-24 lunged upward releasing the bombs. At that moment, flak bracketed our formation. We were hit. I felt the aircraft losing altitude rapidly and the rear of the plane was full of 100 octane gasoline. Feeling a tap on my shoulder, I turned around and Bill, the other waist gunner handed me my parachute. I stood up disconnecting my oxygen and intercom and hooked up my chest pack. Looking up, I saw Bill open the rear hatch and was going to bail out also, but we seemed to be flying okay, so I decided not to. I think the reason I didn't was lack of oxygen, having been disconnected from it for I don't know how long.

The intercom was buzzing by now, orders from the pilot was to turn off all electrical equipment and stand by. I reported that Bill had bailed out and we were soaking with fuel. Looking toward the rear I saw Morrie, the tail gunner, sitting in his turret looking sadly at me with gasoline splashing in his face. Meanwhile in the bomb bay, they were working to stop the flow of fuel from a pump that had been hit. Charlie, our flight engineer, tore a piece of wood from an ammo box and with his false teeth chewed a plug and stopped the leak. By this time things began to settle down after an engine was feathered and the pilot began to take damage reports. He called me in the waist and asked how bad Bill (right waist gunner) had been hit and did I need to help with him. During all the excitement, he had misunderstood that Bill had been wounded instead of having bailed out.

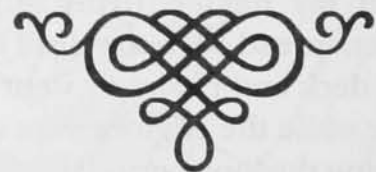
A few minutes later Fred Stone, our pilot, got on the intercom and told us we were flying all right and he was going to try to make it back to the Channel, but if any of the crew wanted to bail out it was okay. No one else wanted to and we all decided to ride it out with the "Skipper." Sam, the radio operator, remarked later that he would never fly another mission with any one else than Stone. He said if it hadn't been for him shouting out commands during the mission, we would have had it.

We had dropped our altitude low enough to get off oxygen and had picked up fighter support back towards England. As a 19 year old, I began to realize what had happened and the shock was setting in. On the intercom I could hear the pilots asking Charlie Brown how the fuel supply was. His answer every time was, "Don't worry, we have plenty of fuel. Keep going." Over the Channel the question was, "Do we have enough

fuel to make it back to the base?" The answer again, "Keep going." The pilot announced, "Anyone wishing to bail out over the Channel can, but I'm going back to Shipdham." We all decided to go with him. Coming in on an emergency approach, the pilot landed on the grass beside the runway to avoid any sparks. When the B-24 rolled to a stop, we jumped out of the rear of the plane and began kissing the ground. I think this mission added ten years to my life.

The Crew on this mission: Pilot Fred Stone, Co-Pilot Merritt Derr, Navigator Andrew Patrichick, Radio Operator Sam Ceverella, Nose Turret Bob Ryan, Upper Turret Charles Brown, Tail Turret Morrie Meunitz, Right Waist Bill Strange, Left Waist Bob Foust, Ball Turret Flegman. All finished their tour and returned to the States except for Bill Strange, who spent the rest of the war in a P.O.W. camp. As of this writing, April, 1995, only Derr, Foust and Strange are still alive.

EDITOR: Good story, Bob. As to Pilot Stone's performance, one could conclude that this is why the Air Force dropped the plain "Pilot" title and renamed that crew position "Aircraft Commander," one who has and maintains command of the aircraft and crew. It seems to me that Flight Engineer, Charlie Brown did a pretty outstanding feat with his choppers; then managing the fuel so precisely to enable you to make it back to Shipdham. You were fortunate to be on such a solid crew!



The following is taken from the Norfolk News and Weekly Press dated April 10, 1943:

LIFE ON THE BASE EARLY 1943

Life at the British station of the 44th Bombardment Group has been well described by Mr. Lee in the Norfolk News and Daily Press of 10 April 1943.

For some months past, the sight of officers and men of the United States Air Force has been a familiar feature of the scene in a great many Norfolk towns and villages. So familiar indeed, that it has long since ceased to be the matter of curiosity that it was at first. Now we accept them – almost, for we are still East Anglian – as part of our own community.

How is it that this has happened so quickly in a country that by tradition is supposed to be slow in taking to "foreigners?" Partly, I think, because we East Anglians have been quick to realize that these Americans are as much a part of Great Britain, to whose presence we have become used to since the war. Partly, I think, because an innate instinct to hospitality has been quickened by the thought that these Americans are in a way relations, however distantly removed. But mainly, I firmly believe, because so many of the "boys" themselves have shown themselves eager to fit in with our ways, and have so obviously been delighted when an Englishman has given one of them the slenderest of chances to show what really good "mixers" they are.

I found out how very good they are at that "mixing" when in my turn I became the "invader" – a visitor to an aerodrome in Norfolk that has been transformed into a bit of the United States in England. The boot was on the other leg. I was an Englishman among a large number on Americans. The physical surroundings were familiar. Over the other side of the hedge was a Norfolk farm laborer driving his American built tractor drilling barley. But this side of the hedge I was in the United States, talking to men from Kentucky, from Wisconsin, from Maine and the Carolinas, listening to a variety of dialects that made a hardened film fad realize that the accent of the Hollywood studio that I had learned to know so well must seem to Americans as affected and strange as "Oxford" does to the blunt

Yorkshireman in this country. But since neither "Tex" nor "Bud" Yank from Maine, or "Tarheel" from North Carolina took any noting of my straight turns of speech, I too, tried to take things in my stride. In any case, I was very quickly made to feel very much at home.

A SPARTAN LIFE

I had heard a good deal of talk about the lavish way the American troops in England live. People had told me "on the beat authority" – which so often is the very worst – stories of lavish living that made a long rationed Englishman's mouth water. Well, this is certainly one of those things that prove the soundness of the old advice to believe nothing that you hear. There was nothing of luxury in anything I saw. In fact, if there is anything in the American Army regulations that corresponds to the "hard living" allowance that the British Navy pays for certain services, both officers and "enlisted men" of this particular bomber squadron of the USAAF earn it. They work hard and they live as hard as they work.

As an old soldier of the 1914-18 war, one of the things that struck me most about this hard living of the USAAF was the narrowness of the distinction between the conditions of the officers and "enlisted men." They certainly live up to the democratic idea. An officer's servant is a thing unknown – except perhaps the one or two very senior officers, though I don't quite know about that. The officer's mess is a very spartan affair indeed. In fact, I was told from more than one source that the combat crew's mess – for the non-commissioned members of the crews of the giant Liberator bombers – fed more lavishly and in conditions of greater comfort than the officers, even including the pilots and the "bombardiers," who incidentally all have to hold commissioned rank. For the rest of the station, all the "enlisted men" of the ground staff, from "top" sergeant to the humblest "buck private," mess together and share the same living quarters.



EVERY MAN TO HIS JOB

And the United States Army Air Force doesn't carry any passengers. Every man has his job, and every job – outside the barest minimum of administrative, office and cooking staff – makes its direct contribution to the actual flying operations, which are the job of the squadron as a whole. I was particularly struck by the high standard of independence of the squadron organization. If a machine comes back from operations "all shot up," the station has workshops and craftsmen capable of tackling all types of repairs. One of the Liberators I saw on the dispersal line was just having a new engine fitted, it had lost one in a fight with a Jerry over Holland a day or two before, but on its fuselage were painted three of those little silhouettes of planes to show that on different sorties, it had accounted for three German fighters.

THEIR DEBT TO THE R.A.F.

One thing particularly pleased me in the course of my tour of the station. I saw one or two men in the R.A.F. uniform about and, knowing that the station had been taken over from our own Air Force, remarked about it to my guide. "Yes," he said, "but they'll soon be going. We've got to stand on our own bottom, you know. Those are the last of a grand bunch of fellows. They've taught us a lot. In fact, everything we know about air tactics over here and about operations, generally your boys of the R.A.F. have taught us."

Then later I learned -- from very uncomplimentary and blunt comments made by the same American on my own deplorable first "flight" in a Link trainer – that Americans like to say what they mean, and usually mean what they say. I took the compliment to the R.A.F. as completely sincere.

I came away from the USAAF station with a very wholesome regard for their efficiency. They may not bother much about "spit and polish." Their standards of military discipline may seem lax to British ideas. But that's just their way of disregarding what they regard as unessentials. It certainly doesn't apply to their keenness in the really big job of work they are doing as part of the Allied Air Offense over Europe.



FACTS ABOUT THE 44TH BOMB GROUP

A TRIBUTE TO BRIG. GENERAL ROBERT L. CARDENAS OF THE 44TH

Submitted by:

Forrest S. Clark of Kissimmee, Florida

Perhaps not sufficiently known to the younger generation is the role played by one of our own 44th Bomb Group officers in man's conquest of supersonic speed and space.

That officer is Brig. Gen. Robert L. Cardenas, USAF Ret, who flew B-24 Liberators with the 44th and was shot down 13 April 1944 over Germany, escaped into France.

After his distinguished record in World War II, he was to add to this record a career as a test pilot.

In October of 1947 he was in charge of the XS-1 supersonic project and pilot of the B-29 that dropped Capt. Chuck Yeager into the realm of supersonic flight for the first time in the history of mankind. He was also chief pilot on the eight engine Flying Wing YB-49.

During the Korean War, he was at Wright Field and Edwards AFB testing new jet fighters and bombers for combat duty. In the Gulf of Tonkin crisis, he was commander of the 18th Tactical Fighter Wing on Okinawa.

Gen. Cardenas has been recognized by the USAF Museum in Wright-Paterson AFB, Dayton, Ohio for his accomplishments and was one of the principles in the 1993-94 lecture series at the museum. He told of his part in the team that was assigned to break the sound barrier.

He maintained an active career in the Air Force and in industry and government in his post-career years supporting veterans benefits.

The 50th anniversary of the first supersonic flight is approaching and some fitting memorials and commemoration of that event are being considered. It is therefore proper at this time that the 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association remember Brig. Gen. Cardenas for his distinguished service, not only to the 44th, but to all of the US Air Force and the nation.

He lives in San Diego, California and participates actively in veterans affairs. He is a member of the Swiss Internee Association of the United States.



THE NIGHT WE MIGHT HAVE BLOWN UP SHIPDHAM

By John Wolbarst (464th Sub Depot)

It was sometime in 1944 that I was told to report to the 44th B.G. Armament Officer, Major Robert L. Dean. I was the senior NCO in charge of bombsight and autopilot maintenance for the Group.

With Major Dean were S/Sgt. Max Goucher, armorer of the 68th and others I don't remember. They were handling an extraordinary piece of ordnance—a four-barrel flare gun. Four Very pistols had been cut down and mounted in a row on an aluminum plate about a foot square.

They were to be fired by a pair of modified bomb rack releases. These devices, cocked with a powerful spring, were released electrically; the actuating arms then flew around and hit the firing pins of the flare pistols.

The purpose of the gun was to signal to the rest of the Group when the first bomb was leaving the lead ship, so the other bombardiers could toggle off their loads in a compact pattern.

We were to mount it in the waist of a 68th ship that was to lead a mission the next morning. Goucher and I were to meet S/Sgt. Fred Piela and a sheet metal crew of the 464th Sub Depot on the line and get the thing installed.

As it was late when we got to the plane, we decided that we would go to evening chow and come back to do the job. On the way we warned the control tower that we would be firing flares.

Piela's men worked fast. First they cut a slot in the roof of the plane; then they riveted the top edge of the plate to a longitudinal stringer so the gun barrels just protruded through the roof. That was it. I thought the setup looked flimsy and told Piela so. He said: "I don't tell you how to fix bombsights. Don't you tell me how to fix sheet metal." They left and Goucher and I strung wire from the intervalometer in the nose back to the waist. We were finished about 9:30.

Goucher loaded and cocked the gun and then got out onto the hardstand. I went up to the nose to fire the thing. The plane had a full load of bombs, ammunition, and gas so I was very careful how I set and ran the intervalometer. There was a loud bang

and a horrendous crash of rending metal, followed by sounds as if someone was hammering on the ship, all mixed with blood curdling yells from Goucher.

I ran back. Smoke was pouring out of the waist windows, Goucher was jumping up and down. Through the waist window we could see a big hole in the roof. We climbed in the waist hatch. It was clear what had happened.

When the gun fired the recoil pushed the barrels below the roof. Most of the fireballs were trapped inside and flew around the waist. A piece of roof about 3 foot square was torn loose. The stringer was a ruin. Bits of fireballs were still smoldering in corners.

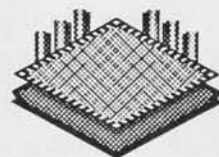
After putting out the sparks and checking that the ship was secure, we were about to leave when the fire truck arrived. The crew's remarks were not complimentary.

It was after 10:00 when I found Piela and told him to round up his crew again. They were not happy, but they got to work with a will.

About 11:30 it began to rain steadily. The men outside on the roof were getting soaked; they also began to get shocks from their electrical equipment. Anguished protests filled the night air.

By midnight the job was done. Goucher loaded the gun, it fired the flares high into the wet air and we went off to bed. As I was dropping off to sleep I had a sudden thought. What if some of those fireballs had landed in the ammunition containers? Wow!

That night the mission was scrubbed.



THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

By Lyndon C. Allen (44th BG)



None of us made that second mission without preliminary making that first. But I am sure each of us have particular memories of our first, and that's what this is all about – my specific memories of our first. The White Cliffs of Dover play a significant role in these memories.

My memory fails me as to the preliminary of this, our, what we thought to be, a "baptism of fire." I am sure we fairly well followed the sequence Louis W. Wust described in the March, 1980, issue of the Journal, Page 10. The awakening, usual truck ride or walk to the mess hall, those delicious powdered eggs, the truck ride to the flight line; all done thousands of times by thousands of other Second Air Division members. Of course, to us gunners, the briefing took on a different aspect from that to which it did to pilots and others to whom it was so pertinent. It was more of an occasion of seeing where we were going, what to expect along the way, etc. The obtaining of our flight cloths was very similar to that which Louis described. One thing he left out, though, was that we were always issued some form of nourishment to take along to help sustain us on our waiting to get back to the next meal. For the longer flights, I'm sure all remember those "C" rations we were issued; for the shorter ones we were usually given candy bars. (For us, "Ping Bars" were the predominant type. No one on our crew liked them except me, so I usually made some pretty good trades and really enjoyed more than my share of "Ping Bars." Wish I could have one now (even with my diabetic condition!) But this was to be a rather long one, so I presume we were issued the "C" rations this time.

Our pre-fighting, of course, was different, but once we were in the air I guess we were all pretty

much in the same situation. This "Number One" for us was to be the bombing of an airfield near Nancy-Essy, France. Incidentally, this took place on August 18, 1944. After assembling over England somewhere, we headed east. Our plane was one of the last in the formation and, as I was tail gunner, I had no other planes to see and give me moral support.

Leaving the English coast was the significant aspect, to me, of our first mission. Ever since I had geography back in Elementary School, I have heard of, and have seen pictures of the White Cliffs of Dover, and there they were, directly below me! How beautiful; how magnificent; just as they had been shown in pictures! At first I completely forgot the apprehension of this being our first mission. But as I watched, those white cliffs starting to become smaller and smaller, until finally they were gone! That apprehension suddenly came back. What were we getting into? What did we have to expect before us? Would I ever see those beautiful cliffs again? I'm not the only one who ever had that feeling, I know, but with no planes behind me and the cliff's gone, what next!

Well, it turned out to be a milk run; and no flak, no "Jerries," no nothing. The bombing was good. Our first mission had accomplished its purpose. It was not the "baptism of fire" we had anticipated; it was just a long eight hour and twenty minute flight.

Yes, coming back I did get to see those majestic cliffs again. I saw them several times later, by the way, but never with that apprehension that was there on the first mission; the apprehension that was so accentuated by the passing of those White Cliffs of Dover over the horizon as we went east on that first mission.

THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

We are fast approaching our reunion date and reservations are still coming in. We will more than likely reach a total of 300. This will leave some room for those who live around San Antonio to come to the Banquet and/or Squadron Dinner night selectively. Contact Jim (214) 243-4657 to make late reservations.

The really big news is that The 44th Veterans Association (our short title) is now officially affirmed as a Non-Profit Veterans Association by the IRS (EIN #68-0351397) and we are presently applying for a bulk mail permit in Salt Lake City where we have our business address. There are some other notable events: 2nd AD reunion, Executive Board meeting, Tower Restoration project that are covered elsewhere in this issue. There is one event, the membership of Col. Roscoe Moulthrop, although mentioned elsewhere, I want to make the theme of my comments in this issue.

In the announcement of Col. Moulthrop joining us, I quoted his willingness to cast himself in the role of rallying point for veterans of the missile era in 44th history to follow his example in remaining a member of the 44th family by joining us. In reality, what we are really talking about here is rejoicing in having the beginnings of contemporaries of our sons and daughters coming aboard to help carry on the heritage and history of the 44th.

While we have a sprinkling of members from the Bombardment Wing and Missile Wing eras, I am concerned that we don't have continually growing numbers from those times of service with the 44th. We must help Roscoe Moulthrop mark the turning point. What we must do now is not only seek out and make him welcome; we must look around us and actively identify those members among us who are of those eras and tell them how very happy we are to have them with us to carry on the 44th heritage. I have several pieces of correspondence which characterize both the former and present 44th organizations as a bunch of old Liberator lovers with little concern for those who brought us safely through the Cold War. That perception of the 44th BGVA isn't going to swell our ranks, so anyone would notice. While I denounce this characterization as an unjust generalization, I readily admit to some valid indications of its truth. First let me say, I think I have a better grasp than most on understanding how we may give this impression. Why? Because I helped in building it. That beloved old 44th Bomb Group B-24 carried me through the most perilous (and exciting) period of my life and is my frame of reference in defining love of my country. Thus when the existence of our Bomb Group Organization was threatened, I joined others in the battle to save it. Alas,

when we looked around among the membership for further help, we found the mainstream of strength existed within the old World War II warriors. Naturally, they became the target of our appeals for help. It wasn't that we didn't want the other eras to help, it was their small numbers and time didn't permit us spending a lot of our energy in building a lot of fight in the few. So in those appeals, I unabashedly admit I purposely plucked every patriotic heart string I could think of (and maybe a few I conjured up) to fire up the old war-horses to join the battle. When it came to publishing our journal, again we made the appeal to the membership in the same vein, entitling it *The 8 Ball Tails*. I can't tell you how many great responses we have had over the format, content and theme of the *Tails*. I love doing *The 8 Ball Tails* and I love hearing that you love reading it. So it would appear we pushed the right buttons and the 44th BGVA is safely on course.

It seems obvious to me now as we, hopefully, have reached a turning point with the joining of Roscoe Moulthrop noted above, that we must begin (softly) to widen our appeal to those who also served their nation under the proud colors of the 44th. I can start this with publishing any correspondence and stories submitted by the Bomb and Missile Wing people. I also would be delighted to change our masthead to include depictions of B-29, B-47, KC-135 and Minuteman II missile tail sections. You can start seeking out these members at the reunion and getting acquainted by inviting them to join you at the dining events. Let's let 'em know we're all family! Speaking of family, ours is steadily growing! The right up to publication numbers are 809 regular and 143 life members, for a total of 952. Can we get to 1,000 by reunion time?



Roy Owen, President

With every passing year, it becomes more important that all of us reflect back upon our military career with the 44th Bomb Group during World War II with the aim of getting our personal experiences down on paper, tapes or even video. In case you have noticed, none of us are getting any younger. So, while the old memory box is still functioning reasonably well, please do take the time necessary to record as much as you can remember. It could be priceless to our family, friends and to historians. Don't put it off any longer. If you have not done this, and if you have, take a bit more time to review it. Look for events or memories omitted. PLEASE!

In July, your President, Roy Owen and I attended two meetings, both of which were devoted to history of the 44th Bomb Group. First we met with Mr. Dave Turner of Turner Publishing concerning their desire to publish a history of the 44th Bomb Group; and secondly with Lt. Gen. E.G. Shuler, Jr. regarding the request of the Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center to cooperate with them by providing as complete a record as possible, covering each and every person who served with us, complete data about every one of our operational missions such as number and name of each plane, names, positions, rank of each man who flew in each plane, enemy aircraft shot down, damage to aircraft, wounded, formation sketch, bomb load, support personnel of all units, job descriptions, everything that can still be dug up, copied, borrowed, etc. to be computerized and retained at the new Heritage Center at Savannah, Georgia.

Yes, the scope is so large as to be frightening, but with the cooperation of each and every one of you, we can make sure that our 44th Bomb Group will have one of the most complete historical records of any bomber group. The National Archives in Maryland have many of the detailed records that will be needed, but if EACH ONE of us will take a personal interest in these TWO MAJOR PROJECTS, we can and will succeed.

Let me offer my assistance to each of you through the large supply of information which I have built up over the years. If you need certain information such as plane number, mission dates, targets, formation sketch, names of crew mates, etc.; I just might have it for you. If I fail to come up with the information, I will try to obtain it from other sources (Webb Todd or Norm Kiefer and even Steve Adams of Norwich, England, who is working on the 66th Squadron history). Let us all work together, share our information, make our 44th Bomb Group history and the records for the Savannah Heritage Center the best that can be assembled. Come on now, let's DO IT!! Send your material to me for assembly and safe keeping until it can be utilized in the best manner.

MORE COMMENT ON THE CONTROL TOWER FUND

In late 1991, I personally initiated a Tower Fund to save the old landmark building from decay. My reason for personally

taking on the responsibility was due to the action of the 44th HMG Board rejecting my proposal that the HMG donate \$3,500 estimated costs for a new roof. Thanks to the support by the 67th Squadron at their Squadron dinner, nearly \$5,000 was immediately pledged and \$4,000 of that by one person, R.I. Brown.

With sufficient funds to do this repair work, I notified Mr. Steven Adams to alert the roofing contractor to start the work. At this time, Mr. Doug Genge, businessman leasing the property next to the tower, intervened, suggesting that his company would like to restore the entire building, provided the building was still sufficiently strong enough to warrant that action. It was found okay. Mr. Genge hired a firm and had an excellent roof installed. He also purchased a painting of the tower, had 1,000 lithographs printed from it, and donated 750 of them to us to help with the actions to solicit donations from the 44thers.

One-half of the exterior and two full walls were restored, along with the new roof by July, 1992. Lee Aston donated a memorial plaque and had it installed before the 44thers arrived in October for a mini reunion. Almost no work has been completed since that time due to several factors, but basically due to the outright opposition by the Executive Trustee of the 44th HMG.

As you will read elsewhere in this newsletter, after a meeting by Richard Butler and myself in early May this year with Mr. Genge and the property agent, it appears prudent that we abandon any further efforts to make the building into a museum. It is still a possibility that the old control tower will be restored sufficiently to make it safe and available for visiting. This depends upon the cooperation of the owner, who has shown inclination to do so.

At this time, I am holding more than \$12,000 of the money donated by over 400 generous 44thers. The "sale" of the lithographs, along with other straight donations amounted to nearly \$26,000, with \$13,000 paid out for the restoration work (not including the portion paid by Mr. Genge). The cost of advertising mailers and postage, plus the cost of mailing out 390 lithographs totaled nearly \$1,100. \$565 of these funds were utilized in a mailing campaign to notify all 44thers that the HMG Board voted to disband the 44th completely. It was voted by the Board that \$500 would go to the Tower Fund so this expense was anticipated to be reimbursed - it wasn't.

At the San Antonio Reunion in October, the membership will be asked to vote if this remaining \$12,200 plus should be utilized for a mini museum to be expanded at Arrow Air Center. However, if any of you that have donated for the Tower Fund, I feel that you should have a right to withdraw the appropriate percentage of your donation. If anyone objects to his money being used for an expanded museum at Arrow Air Center, please contact me as soon as possible so that a refund can be negotiated. Am very sorry for this failure, but I did the best I could for your interest.

Thank you,

Will Lundy





FOLDED WINGS

PLOESTI RAIDERS

Robert Mundell, POW	506th	2/95
William Strong	506th	7/95

ALL OTHERS

Frank P. Pacylowsky	Unk	7/44
Charles E. Cary	68th	6/95
Robert Mundell	506th	7/95
Alfred W. Jalovitz	Unk	1/72
Dale E. Raucher	Unk	8/94
Joseph E. Flaherty	Hq	4/94
Spencer Fulp	Unk	3/95
George B. Haag	Unk	Unk
Benjamin D. Ford	68th	Unk
Morton R. Taylor	Unk	/70
Aldo P. LaValle	Unk	9/94
William J. Murphy	66th	10/93
Charles Cary	68th	6/95
Leo L. Sharpnack	Unk	Unk
Elbert L. Dukate	Unk	4/86
William Strong	506th	7/95
Robert E. Rose	68th	Unk
K. L. Keesee	Unk	12/72
Ivan L. Gildersleeve	Unk	3/79
Otis V. Rogers	68th	5/95
Willis D. Abrams	67th	4/93
Theodore B. Hoffiz	66th	4/92

This is a partial list of our deceased 44th comrades. We will continue to catch up on the list with each issue, as well as list new Folded Wings.

We will sorely miss these two valiant Ploesti Raiders who have now folded wings. In their honor and memory, we must once again close ranks and carry on in the proud tradition of the 44th "Flying Eight-Balls."

The 506th Bomb Squadron recently lost two of its most beloved members:

On April 28 "Big" Bob Mundell suffered a massive heart attack while doing the work he loved, branding his Spring calves on his ranch in Walsh, Colorado. We saw Bob last October attending the Colorado Springs Reunion with his son David. Both hold 44th BGVA Life Memberships. The photo was taken at the reunion showing Bob and David on each side of a long time friend, Don Chase. Who could help but love this big cowboy with the smiling face that looked like a composite of all Western cattlemen. Bob is survived by his beloved wife Helen, sons Homer, David and Dan.



Robert Mundell, Don Chase and Dave Mundell

On July 10, Bill Strong finally lost his valiant five year struggle with cerebral cancer. Always cheerful, never doubtful he would win the struggle in spite of what seemed endless surgery that ravaged his head and handsome face. Bill passed away quietly with his family present on that Monday. He was interred in Wimberley, Texas on the following Wednesday. Attending were Lt. Col. (Ret) and Mrs. James Clements of Dallas, Texas who represented the 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association in honoring Bill. He is survived by his lovely wife Gladys, her sons David and Paul and his own children Becky and Bill, Jr. from his previously deceased wife Rowena.



Bill Strong and Bill Strong, Jr.



BILL STRONG MEMORIAL FUND

Jim McAtee has made a generous donation to start a memorial fund in the name of Bill Strong. We heartily endorse this gesture for the continuing memory of Bill. At present, Jim has left the parameters of the fund to be established by the Board, which we will do at San Antonio. In the meantime, the Treasurer has set up a separate account in the general fund to handle donations to the Bill Strong Memorial. If you wish to donate, please make your check to The Bill Strong Memorial Fund, c/o 44th BGVA. Send your donation to: 44th BGVA, P.O. Box 2367, Salt Lake City, UT 84110-2367. These funds will remain on deposit until the Board determines a dispensation appropriate to Bill's memory.

MISCELLANIA

SOME GOOD FEEDBACK FROM THE "LEMON DROP" FEATURE

Bob Lehnhausen recently got a call from Charlie Pigg, Crew Chief on "Lemon Drop." He was not a current member of our 44th BGVA so was unaware of our article on his airplane. Bob sent him a copy of the Tails and Charlie is now on the membership roll. He went through Lexington during the 2nd Air Division reunion and left Pete Henry a message that he had called and missed him. Then, in Charlie Pigg fashion, he kept movin' along. I expect we will see Charlie in San Antonio. In the meantime, if anyone would like to make contact, he is located at Rte. 5, Box 440, Chandler, NC 28715.

MONS, BELGIUM REVISITED

After doing the "Lemon Drop" feature, I recalled that when the Germans were making rapid advances attempting to reach Amsterdam in the Battle of the Bulge, the 44th, among many other groups which had any kind of aircraft that was cargo capable, were tasked to fly into a former German fighter airfield at Mons, Belgium to assist in the emergency evacuation of a P-51 outfit that had moved into the airfield closely behind Pattons advance. The winds of war had suddenly shifted and it looked as though the Germans might recapture their airfield. The Bill Smith crew in, you guess it, "Lemon Drop" had the job. I'm pretty sure Charlie Pigg and his assistant went along as Load Master/Maintenance Support. It was pretty exciting. We landed on a PSP runway with (very) recently repaired bomb craters and several shot-up ME 109's that had been caught on the ground. We got parked and fueled up, but it seemed the ground maintenance equipment we were to haul would not be ready to load until morning. What do any good Air Force men do when they must RON (Remain Over Night)? Of course, they go to town, Von Rundstedt or no! Mons was a

pretty little town, and we were splendidly welcomed in the Town Square Bistro by the owner and his clientele. We got our cargo and returned to England the next day (you thought I was going to tell about the pretty Belgium women, right? Another time boys, we are a mixed organization now.)

The irony of this story is that the memories of Mons, Belgium had all but faded when, as a faculty member of Chico State University in Northern California, I was asked to escort a small tour group to the 40th Anniversary Celebration of D-Day (1984) at the Normandy Beaches. Our travels after the D-Day Celebration took us to Paris, then to Brussels, to Calais, back to London and Home. It was on the road from Paris to Brussels I was referring to a map when I saw we were nearing Mons, just a short way off the motorway. I told my group the P-51 evacuation story and they all insisted we detour over to see Mons. By the time we got to Mons, it seemed our Welsh bus driver had become swept up in this unexpected little adventure because he boldly drove into the narrow streets and tight corners to the Town Center I had visited 40 years before. It was amazing how little the Town Center had changed. We lunched at the same bistro, talked with some of the locals who, while they didn't remember our particular visit, vividly remembered the frightening prospects of recapture by the Germans and the evacuation of the American fighter outfit. When it came time to continue our journey, we loaded on the bus. The driver started to back up and attempt to turn around. After 20 minutes of frantic backing and forwarding, it became obvious we simply could not turn around to exit the way we so boldly came in. To exit in the other direction, it seems the streets were even more narrow. In fact, the only way we could squeeze the bus through the streets and corners was for the merchants to raise their awnings until we passed. Our exit from Mons was, I'm sure, the biggest comedy event there in years! During the turnaround attempt in the Town Square, I told my group it was beginning to look like I was going to have my second RON in Mons. It only took us about one and one-half hours and a very red faced bus driver to get out of town. What can you expect of a bunch of American tourists!

Roy Owen

BENGHAZI DEBRIEFING

Ploesti, Foggia and Weiner-Neustadt are missions most readily associated with the 44th Bomb Group (H) in North Africa. Unfortunately, these records are plagued with gaps in the official archives. First, the Ploesti mission file has been missing for several years from the 44th archival records stored at the National Archives. Second, many records from the 44th's second tour in North Africa were lost on the return to England. Third, all three missions resulted in heavy losses, either Killed In Action or Prisoners of War, and consequent inadequate debriefing.

All 44th Vets of this era are invited to attend a Benghazi debriefing on Saturday, October 21 from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. with a lunch break, if necessary. Let's put our heads and our memorabilia together and begin to create a useful historical record. Along the way, we may settle some inconsistencies concerning formations and events.

THE MIGHTY EIGHTH AIR FORCE HERITAGE CENTER

NEWS RELEASE
APRIL 13, 1995

Contact: Wayne Corbett

Mr. and Mrs. George Washburn of Montgomery, Massachusetts recently visited The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia and received a tour of the construction site and briefing about the Museum's progress from Lt. Gen. E.G. Shuler, Jr., USAF Ret., Chairman and Chief Executive Officer. George Washburn is a member of the 44th Bomb Group.

-- 8AFHM --



Mr. & Mrs. George Washburn and Lt. Gen. E.G. Shuler, USAF Ret.

IT'S NOT A MESSERSCHMIDT ON OUR TAIL, IT APPEARS TO BE A KLEINSCHMIDT.

Recall the last issue letter from Lt. Earl Guy in which he had lost contact with a Shipdham roommate he recalled as being named Messerschmidt? We think this letter from Lt. Col. (Ret) T.J. "Joe" Feeney provides the answer for Earl. That's not bad; one letter and we are three for three in locating lost roomies!

This letter comes from:

*Lt. Col. (Ret) T.J. Feeney of 57 Devonshire Square,
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055-6873*

Dear Will:

This is a belated thank you note for sending me that "Litho" of "Glory Bee" so promptly last month.

It arrived in plenty of time for me to pack it up and take it to Texas for my reunion with "Arnie" Kleinschmidt. Arnie and I had not seen each other or corresponded with each other since 1945!

I finally made contact as a result of information I got from Steve Adams in Norwich, England.

I was Kleinschmidt's tail gunner when we flew with the 66th Squadron in the 44th Bomb Group. Glory Bee wasn't the only ship we flew, but it's the one I remember best and so did Arnie.

He and his lovely wife, Margaret, more than welcomed me to their ranch in Lexington after meeting me in Austin. I can't believe I learned so much about the cattle business as I did in the three short days I spent with them. They had some 2,000 plus head of cattle.

They really appreciated getting the litho of Glory Bee flying over the tower and that prompted a great time of reminiscing. Also, the article in the last 8 Ball Tails that I read by Lt. Earl Guy makes me feel certain that the "Messerschmidt" he mentioned that he lost contact with is my pilot, Kleinschmidt. When we got together in Texas, he said that everyone used to call him "Messerschmidt" at Shipdham.

His address is:

*Arnold P. Kleinschmidt
P.O. Box 572*

Lexington, Texas 78947-0572

I believe that you have him in your files, as he said he planned to go to the reunion in San Antonio.

Again, thanks for your help and all the work that you do for the 44th.

Sincerely,

A WELCOME TO COL. ROSCOE E. MOULTHROP



It is indeed a pleasure to welcome to our membership Colonel Roscoe E. Moulthrop, the last Active Duty Commander of the 44th Strategic Missile Wing up to the July, 1994 retirement of our proud unit from the roll of active duty combat components of the United States Air Force. The deactivation of the 44th SMW under his command was the first deactivation of a Minuteman II weapon system in the Air Force and was accomplished ahead of schedule, under budget and without incident.

Colonel Moulthrop left his last assignment as Chief, Target Selection Branch, Plans and Policy Directorate, United States Strategic Command, Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska to enter retirement in June of this year. The Moulthrop family, Roscoe, wife Julie (both natives of Missouri), and children Scott and Elizabeth are residing at 804 East Elm, Princeton, Missouri 64673.

He started a second career on July 1 with Premium Standard Farms. We wish him as great success in his civilian career as he reached in the service of his country where he shouldered the awesome Cold War responsibility for the National Command Authority directed launch of an unimaginable degree of destruction should we be pre-emptively attacked. It can be truly said, Col. Moulthrop, in large part, has helped preserve the peace his 44th predecessors had attained.

In my first phone conversation with Col. Moulthrop, when he called to inquire about 44th BGVA membership, I expressed the hope that in his joining us he would represent a rallying point for the veterans of the 44th SMW to follow him in joining with us as part of the 44th family. His reply: "I would certainly like to be involved and try to generate interest with folks of my generation in the 44th BGVA. As the last commander of the 44th Missile Wing, I have deep feelings for the organization, and really believe anyone who served under the 44th colors is a part of the family. I stand ready in any way I can."

That says it all! Welcome to the family, Roscoe, Julie, Scott and Elizabeth. We hope to see you in San Antonio.

SOME NOTES REGARDING THE REUNION

There will be a Registration Desk in the lobby of the hotel that will be manned all day Thursday and Friday until noon. It is suggested that attendees check their Registration Packet at that time to be assured they have all the required tickets. After Friday noon, there will be information posted on the bulletin board as to where to receive their Registration Packets.

A bulletin board will be displayed in the hotel lobby with a roster of those attending and other pertinent information.

If there are spaces remaining for the Friday or Sunday tours, tickets will be available at the Registration Desk.

Everyone's name tag, guests included, will be designated by their Squadron affiliation and will attend the appropriate Squadron dinner Saturday night. Those who do not belong to one of the four Squadrons are free to attend any of their choosing. The dinner sites for each Squadron will be announced on the bulletin board. After the Squadron dinner, there will be a brief intermission while the preparations are being made for the dance.

There will be a Memorabilia room available for the duration of the reunion. Please bring any pictures, books, records or VCR tapes. As it would be unwise to leave the room unattended, the last one to leave at any time should lock the door and return the key to the front desk. The key will be available from the front desk at any time to any one with a 44th reunion name tag.

Tickets for individual events will be available at the Registration Desk for those who have made reservations for that function. Reservations must be made with Jim Clements prior to the reunion date, either by letter or phone. Reservations will be considered confirmed unless notified immediately that space does not exist.

Tickets cost:

<i>Buffet and Squadron Dinner</i>	<i>\$25/Each</i>
<i>Banquet</i>	<i>\$30/Each</i>
<i>Monday Breakfast</i>	<i>\$15/Each</i>

The reunion hotel rates will apply for those wishing to arrive early or stay in San Antonio afterwards.

THE SHIPDHAM TOWER REPORT AND RECOMMENDATIONS

TO: ALL SHIPDHAM TOWER PROJECT CONTRIBUTORS & 44TH BGVA MEMBERS

The 2nd Air Division Reunion in Lexington, Kentucky on July 3 - 6 afforded the opportunity for Dick Butler, Will Lundy and me to meet, read and discuss their respective reports on the Shipdham Tower Restoration investigation and recommendations.

In short, they both conclusively report that the viability of restoring the Shipdham Tower as a 44th BGVA project is, at best, a risky project in which to invest any further funds accrued to the "Tower Project."

First, although Mr. Doug Genge, the tenant of the Tower property, states he is willing to invest his own money into further restoration, there is question whether he has any more than a verbal agreement that he is permitted to occupy the property. This information surfaced in a meeting of our representatives with Mr. Genge and Mr. Nick Saffel, representing Mr. Vincent, the property owner and father-in-law of Mr. Saffel. The point of the discussion was the question of proceeding with restoration if a long term lease could be negotiated. In response, Mr. Saffel stated that it was doubtful that Mr. Vincent would consent to any lease agreement beyond five years, especially if the property was improved to the point that it had commercial potential. The matter of the memorial plaque remaining in place was discussed with Mr. Saffel stating, "it would be questionable, should he reclaim the building, that the plaque would be allowed to remain." Also, Mr. Vincent is a somewhat whimsical man and "he (Saffel) would have to wait for a time when Mr. Vincent was in a favorable mood before the matter of a lease could be approached."

In summary, with the other attendant problems of accessibility; the cost of bringing the building to a climatologic state in which we would

dare place our memorabilia, pictures, archival materials, etc.; bringing power and water to the site; and not least, someone to staff the tower; we most certainly don't want to enter into a lease agreement with an individual who, according to mood and profit motive could conceivably let us improve his property and then refuse lease renewal at his whim.



The Shipdham Tower taken early May, 1995



*14th Combat Wing Head
One of the walls and murals*



*Shipdham Cemetery
Small chapel now used as the Town Heritage Centre*

RECOMMENDATIONS

- 1) Based upon the facts presented by our representatives, the 44th BGVA Executive Board by a vote of 8 to 1, recommends to the Tower restoration contributors that the Tower restoration be abandoned and, after deduction of certain administrative expenses and refund of any individual contributions demanded, the residue of restoration funds be offered to the 44th BGVA as a single donation to a Memorial Fund account. The Tower contributors must have a floor vote on this recommendation at the General Membership Meeting at San Antonio.
- 2) Next, the BGVA members must be alerted to a General Membership Meeting floor vote on which the members present can vote yea or nay to accept the transfer of the Tower funds to the 44th BGVA as specified above. If approved, Will Lundy can settle any outstanding obligations of the Tower Restoration Project, then transfer the balance to the BGVA Treasurer by check, closing the books on the Tower Restoration Project.
- 3) Also, the Executive Board must describe to the BGVA members the alternatives to the Tower Restoration Project and alert them to a floor vote on a choice of



those alternatives, which include tabling any decision on an Association project until an investigation of other projects can be undertaken.

ALTERNATIVES

In conference with a group of Arrow Air members and management, our representatives visited the old Combat Wing Headquarters to once again examine the possibility of, in some way, preserving and possibly moving the World War II walls and mural art thereon from the path of certain destruction, since the property is for sale. All of the group agreed the walls and art work should be preserved.

Mr. Nigel Wright, owner and operator of Arrow Air, a charter and flight school operation on Shipdham has long been a faithful friend and supporter of the 44th (calls the flight school the 8-Ball'ers). He is in need of an expansion in the form of a pilot's lounge which would also take interior form as a 44th Memorial Room. In a meeting of our representatives with Mr. Wright, they pursued the idea of the 44th entering into a cost sharing agreement with Arrow Air that would be coincidental with the desire to conserve the 14th CBW Headquarters walls on which the World War II murals are painted. Mr. Steve Adams (another of our most ardent supporters) is in contact with a British Historical Foundation whose business is the restoration and transport of historical structures such as the Wing HQ walls so dear to us all. The plan here would be (once we obtain the permission of Mrs. Rix, the owner) to have this organization remove and restore the two mural walls, then incorporate them into the construction of a new Arrow Air addition. Steve feels certain the cost of the walls removal and restoration will be borne by the historical foundation. Obviously, with this plan we would accomplish two significant projects at the cost of one. Further, we would be relieved of the worry of all the negatives mentioned in connection with the tower project. Dick Butler points out that Nigel Wright has an enthusiastic membership in the Arrow Club who actively support the history and heritage of the 44th and Shipdham. We would always have a place to go with someone there to host a visitor.

Two other possible locations to move the walls to are:

A) Shipdham Heritage Center. This is a small old chapel building at the Shipdham Village Cemetery. It is not big enough to accommodate the walls and something would have to be constructed at considerable cost to protect them. Although much more accessible, they would be far removed from Shipdham Airfield. This is not a recommended location.

B) Duxford Museum. Museum authorities no doubt would like to have the art work. While this is a fine museum, the wall art would be far removed from the Shipdham and would be rather insignificant among the thousands of items in this predominantly British oriented museum. This is not a recommended location.

All of the 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association membership present must be prepared for a floor vote at the San Antonio General Meeting on these matters:

- 1) To accept the Tower Restoration funds for a 44th BGVA Memorial Funds account.
- 2) To reject the Shipdham Tower Restoration as a 44th BGVA project with the proviso that, in the event Mr. Genge continues to occupy and improve the Tower to the point it could be made accessible to visitors by contacting his office, we maintain an informal arrangement with Mr. Genge that would facilitate such occasional visitations in the future without liability as occupants of the building.
- 3) To accept as a 44th BGVA project, within financial limits set by the Executive Board, one of these projects:
 - a). The Arrow Air Corp. addition with incorporation of the Combat Wing Mural walls.
 - b). The relocation of the Mural walls to the Shipdham Cemetery Heritage Center.
 - c). The relocation of the Mural walls to the Duxford Museum.

NOTE: In their report both Butler and Lundy recommend naming Steve Adams, who resides in Norwich, as On-Site Consultant and Coordinator for the 44th BGVA, should this project be approved. Steve has volunteered to perform these duties without salary, but with reimbursement of out-of-pocket expenses. Steve will be working under the supervision of a small oversight committee most likely headed by Will Lundy. Since it is obviously much less expensive for Steve to travel here, than to send one of our own back and forth to monitor the project, I agree with the Butler and Lundy proposal that the Tower Fund underwrite the costs of his attendance at the San Antonio Reunion. In the meantime, he will undertake obtaining release of the walls by Mrs. Rix and arranging with the agency for their restoration.

A REPORT ON THE 2ND AIR DIVISION REUNION



*Norwich, England VE Day Parade
Commander Richard Butler
U.S. Flag Bearer Will Lundy
leading all 2nd Air Division Veterans*

The 2nd Air Division Reunion in Lexington was a good one -- over 700 attending. Pete Henry has decided to stay on as our Group Vice President to the 2nd Air Division, so Dick Butler (much to his satisfaction) is back in the ranks providing advice and counsel whenever called upon.

The 44th didn't get much in the way of recognition, except your ol' Prez won the golf tournament low gross with a 74, and I was invited to participate in the candle lighting ceremony and was honored to light the Ploesti candle. Also, we picked up a couple of new members (2nd Air Division members who were not inclined to join the 44th HMG). We were privileged to see the video of the 2nd Air Division celebration and parade for VE Day. Man, it made your chest swell and the tears roll down your cheeks to see our 44th guys, Dick Butler and Will Lundy out there leading all of the 2nd Air Division vets. Also, our guys brought back a great video record of the Eastbourne Dedication of the "Ruthless" Memorial. Hopefully we'll give it a showing in San Antonio.

The 2nd Air Division is down a little, over 400 in net memberships, i.e. folded wings versus new memberships. We can help them here by either maintaining your membership or, if you are not a member, joining up with them. Drop a \$15 check to Evelyn Cohn, Vice President, Membership, Apt. 06-410, Delaire Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114.

Two status reports on the Norwich Library 2nd Air Division Memorial were given. One by Ms. Phyllis Dubois and the other by Mr. David Hastings, Vice Chairman of the Memorial Board of Governors. Both were highly charged with the spirit of survival and restoration of the library and memorial wing. The memorial wing is up and running in temporary quarters and the recovery of salvageable archives, as well as replacement books, is making solid progress.



OLD FOLKS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE

Remember, old folks are worth a fortune, with silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, lead in their feet and gas in their stomachs.

I have become a little older since I saw you last, and a few changes have come into my life since then. Frankly, I have become quite a frivolous old gal. I am seeing five gentlemen every day. As soon as I wake up Will Power helps me out of bed. Then I go see John. Then Charlie Horse comes along, and when he is here he takes a lot of my time and attention. When he leaves Arthur Ritis shows up and stays the rest of the day. He doesn't like to stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint. After such a busy day, I'm really tired and glad to go to bed with Ben Gay. What a life.

P.S. The preacher came to call the other day. He said at my age I should think of the hereafter. I told him, "Oh, I do all the time. No matter where I am, in the parlor, upstairs, in the kitchen, or down in the basement I ask myself, now what am I here after?"

EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING

May 6 - 8, 1995
St. Louis, Missouri

The first 44th BGVA Executive Board Meeting convened in St. Louis, Missouri on the weekend of May 6 at the Holiday Inn - Westport. Attending were President Roy Owen, Vice President Jim Clements, Secretary Ed Dobson, Treasurer Gerald Folsom, Director Mike Mikolosky, Director Bob Lehnhausen, Membership Co-Chairman Art Hand and Member Mel Trager.

After the call to order, Reunion Entertainment Co-Chair Mel Trager posted the US Flag presented to our association by his VFW Post No. 367 in Joliet, Illinois. The highlights of the meeting were: (1) To review and pass a Financial Year '95 Budget. (2) Introduce our new Treasurer and have him review the accounting system he intends to pursue in handling our finances. (3) Confirm the appointment of Richard Butler to replace Pete Henry as Group Vice President to the 2nd Air Division. (4) Comply with Article VI of the Constitution by adjusting the initial terms of the initial elected Board members to stagger and balance the terms of the elected Board since all except the Secretary and Treasurer were elected simultaneously to serve two year terms. (5) Address the Shipdham Tower Restoration Project by initially appointing Richard Butler and Will Lundy as Board Representatives while in England to investigate once and for all the viability of that project for the Tower Restoration fund contributors and in turn make recommendations to enable the Board to make a decision to recommend whether or not the 44th BGVA should get involved with this project. (6) Tour St. Louis and the Holiday Inn - Westport in terms of electing St. Louis as the site for our 1996 Reunion.

Reference: (1) The budget proposed by President Owen and

Treasurer Folsom was accepted and passed unanimously by the Board and appears herein integrated with a mid-year abbreviated financial statement. (2) The Board reviewed, accepted and complimented Treasurer Folsom on his financial accounting system. A full Treasurer's report will be available for review by any member at the General Meeting in San Antonio. Review of the financial statements of your BGVA is not a privilege bestowed upon a few, it the right of all of the membership to do so at our annual General Meeting. (3) This appointment became moot since at the 2nd Air Division meeting in Lexington, Pete Henry stated to those 44th members present, that he felt he could continue to serve a 44th Group Vice President, was so nominated, Vice Dick Butler and re-elected. The appointment of Dick Butler by the 2nd Air Division President was rescinded. (4) After review of Article VI of the Constitution and considerable discussion, it was moved, seconded and carried unanimously to set three Director positions to expire this year and the seats of the three Directors not present would be opened for election for a new two year term at the October General Meeting. Board members were to submit two nominees for each vacancy from which a Nomination Committee will select a venue of nominees (2 for each office) to run for election in October. (5) This was accomplished. Dick Butler and Will Lundy presented their report to President Owen in Lexington. The report has been circulated among the Board and a summary of the report and the Board recommendations are presented herein

under separate title. (6) St. Louis was unanimously selected to host our '96 Reunion, October 3-7, 1996.



Left to right

Art Hand, Mike Mikoloski, Ed Dobson, Gerald Folsom, Jim Clements, Roy Owen, Bob Lehnhausen, Mel Trager.

67TH BOMB SQUADRON HISTORY

*EXCEPT FROM STARS AND STRIPES
DATED THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1943*

FEBRUARY 16, 1943
ONE LIB CREW GETS FIVE NAZIS

These were the stories that came out of the homecoming of Eighth Air Force bombers that returned to their bases in Britain today after dropping hundreds of tons of explosives on St. Nazaire, one of the biggest Nazi U-boat bases, in a daylight attack. For the Liberators, it was their second raid in 19 hours, following Monday's visit to Dunkirk.

Good-naturedly ribbing the Forts, the navigator of "Miss Dianne," a Liberator piloted by Capt. Clyde Price of San Antonio, challenged the B-17's to match their record of five enemy planes shot down.

The navigator, 2nd Lt. J.A. Augenstene, Jr. of Pittsburgh, also recounted the engagements: "As we were flying in the tail-end formations, the Germans would attack Fortresses flying ahead and below us from the front, circle around, and then come at us from behind." "The first plane we got," Lt. Augenstene continued, "was blasted from 200 yards away, exploded and went all to pieces in the air. The second stalled when it was hit, plummeted straight into the clouds below, leaving a trail of smoke behind."

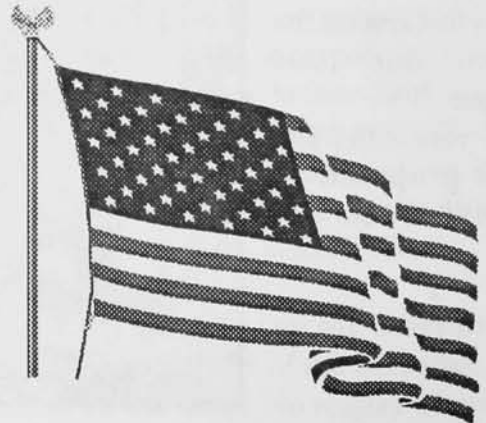
Dalton L. Snell of Marked Tree, Arkansas, top turret gunner, and Sgt. I.C. Wyer, waist gunner from Clarksburg, West Virginia, each got two of "Miss Dianne's" victims. Sgt. Lewis J. Fleshman of Virginia, the tail turret gunner, got the fifth.

Fleshman's bullseye was scored on a plane that made the fatal mistake of exposing a vulnerable underside as it turned.

The rest of Capt. Price's crew were 2nd Lt. Robert E. Forrest of Columbus, Ohio, copilot; 2nd Lt. Morton P. Gross of Denver, Colorado, bombardier; Sgts. Kenneth Laughton of Pine Grove, California, radio operator; Kenneth L. Erhard of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, waist gunner; and Earl W. Holton of Mulliken, Michigan, rear hatch gunner.

NOTE: Crew Chief of "Miss Dianne" is M/Sgt. George Baccash of the 67th Bomb Squadron. A/C #41-23784.

EDITOR: This is such a great feat, it deserves repeating. On the other hand, I'm disappointed that I could not find a one of the Price crew on our membership roster. It is interesting to note however, that our beloved historian, Will Lundy, was a member of M/Sgt. Baccash's ground crew.



MAIL CALL



This comes from:

Daniel L. Culler

750 South La Brisa, Green Valley, Arizona 85614

8/25/94

Dear Will:

I'm glad to see your continuing on with the 44th. I'm not sure I'll be able to do anything except be a dues paying member; but it's good to belong to a group of men that put everything on the line for freedom years ago.

I have been writing books since I retired in 1983. I'm not an author, just a writer of stories.

I sent my last manuscript "Circle of Thorns - The War Years," to many publishers and was rejected with their usual pre-written stationery with my name added to the top - you know the kind.

Because I feel - as most writers do - that I have a good book with a story to tell; out of desperation, I sent information to Carlton Press, a subsidized publisher from New York. Naturally they requested I sent the complete manuscript for a free evaluation.

A week ago they sent me the evaluation, and a contract to be signed. I darn near had a heart attack when they requested \$21,560 to do the book. I refused the contract, and will do as I did on my first book. I had it done by a small publishing house in Tucson for under \$3,000. I'll then take it a step at a time to see how it sells.

I did have a very unusual war record, with many things that happened to me, and me alone -- a prisoner in Wauwilermoos was just one example -- and I intent to eventually have my book published, but instead of 1994, it will have to be done in 95, I hope!

Just thought you might want to know what I was up to, as we haven't had any communication for over four years.

By the way...the Pima Air Museum here in Tucson is one of the best in the Country. Its only rival is Dayton, which no museum could compete with. It has, in a big hanger, one of the best restored B-24s in the U.S. Enclosed is a copier picture, from the picture of me in front of it. Because of Davis Air Base here in Tucson, the museum has many, one of a kind, WWII and later planes.

Tucson wouldn't be a bad place to have a future reunion, except it would have to be in late fall or early spring to get away from our horrible hot summers.

I wish the Association all the success, and I trust we will all be on this earth long enough to see it become a great remembrance for WWII, 44ers.

By the way...Did you ever get the -I believe it was the - Shipdham Tower restored. Sorry I didn't do anything to help you on that.

Sincerely yours, a member of the 44th in war and peace.

EDITOR: Good luck on your book, Dan. When you get it published, we will give it a shot in the 8 Ball Tails.



This comes from:

William L. Paul

6410 Old Sauk Road, Madison, Wisconsin 53705

12/12/94

Dear Will:

I enjoyed the first issue of the 8 Ball Tails. This letter is addressed to you as "Historian" because you may just have the information I'm looking for. In the "Folded Wings" column I saw that Louis J. Obus passed away in October, 1988. Jack was our bombardier and I had completely lost contact with him for forty years or more. I would like to contact his family and would hope that you may have his last known address. If you have an address, please send it to me and I will take it from there.

Thanks for your help.

Sincerely,



This comes from:

Chuck Taylor

2120 Detroit Blvd., Sanford, North Carolina 27330

12/12/94

Dear Will:

Got your Newsletter the other day. Re-reading, I noticed the name of the bombardier of our crew listed in the "Folded Wings" section. It was very shocking to me, as I assume it will be to our other crew members. I had him on my mind for so long. He and I had a very good relationship while we were together.

It was so nice to know that you have that kind of information. I appreciate your efforts even more.

Thanks a lot and have a Happy Holiday.

P.S. His name is Louis J. Obus

EDITOR: Amazing, the irony of two queries about Louis J. Obus dated on the same day. You two must have been on exactly the same wave length, December 12, 1994! Anyway...Major Louis Jack Obus, USAF (Ret) of the 67th Bomb Squadron is survived by:

Mrs. Dee Obus

202 SE Edgewood Drive

Stuart, Florida 34996

He was not a 44th BGVA member. She might be pleased to know he was memorialized in the 8 Ball Tails.



This comes from:

Charles "Shep" Gordon, 68th Squadron
15 Maybrooke Road, Rochester, New York 14618
12/12/94

Dear Mr. Lundy:

Your note of 27 Sept 94 was a wonderful surprise, especially the crew log. It is amazing how 50 years can disappear so quickly. I can remember 1st phase combat training in Tucson and 2nd and 3rd phases at Blythe, California. The trip overseas and Thanksgiving in England - unfortunately the sauce had spoiled and everyone was running all night in the cold English countryside.

I would like to hear about the 44th Veterans Association and would appreciate your sending me the information.

How was it that you kept the crew log for Bowman? I would also like to hear your stories about a couple of our missions - I pulled the cotter pin and tag from the bombs and kept one for each of our missions. The crash landing you referred to was on our 6th mission to St. Aniscourt. We cracked up and burned on a spitfire base near Bristol. Does this correspond with Ken Dropek's memories? I do remember him.

Thank you so much once again and it will be a great pleasure to continue this correspondence.

Sincerely.

P.S. I flew my 30th mission on D-Day over the beach. Doolittle decided we need 30 strategic - so I flew five more to finish up on 16 July with a mission to Saarbrucken. I was then sent to another Group as Intelligence Officer.

EDITOR: Shep, we see a listing on our master roster for Alcom A. Bowman of Colorado Springs; but so far have not had a membership application. Can you give us a hand?



This comes from:

Alex J. Toth
226 Main Street, Tiltonsville, Ohio 43963
2/15/95

Dear Art:

Thanks for the information about my crew members. The bombardier that you mentioned probably flew with us as a spare or whatever, don't remember him.

I would like for you to place our pilots name in the "Folded Wings" section. Theodore B. Hoffiz, 66th Squadron Pilot 27 Sept 44 to 15 March 45 passed away April 92. Spoke with his wife, Mary. I was shocked to

learn that Ted had passed away. I gave this information to other groups of people and it never materialized. Hopefully it will make our next edition.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely.

EDITOR: Thanks for your support of the 44th BGVA. Alex, we will do our best to serve you.



This comes from:

SMSgt. Carlton D. Pepper, U.S.A.F. (Ret)
Route 1, Box 241E, Laurel, Delaware 19956
4/21/95

Dear Sir:

I served with the 44th Bomb Wing at Chennault Air Force Base, Lake Charles, Louisiana from 17 Jan 58 to 26 May 60. I was assigned to the 44th Armament and Electronics Squadron as NCOIC of the Electronic Countermeasures Section, was a Master/Sgt. at the time. We had B-47's.

EDITOR: Carlton just joined us and we're mighty happy to have him. I would like you all to welcome him to the 44th BGVA. We need to gather in as many of the 44th Bomb Wing era vets as we can. Hope to see you in San Antonio, Carlton.



This comes from:

Dan Brandt
2 Nottingham Circle, Bella Vista, Arizona 72714
12/12/94

Dear Will:

Yes, I want to again be part of the 44th Bomb Group.

Thanks for the information in the crew log for which I may have an addition. For about the last 12 or 15 missions we had a different navigator. If my 50 year memory is correct, his name was Milton Jobert, a 1st Lt. I am not sure of the first name or the spelling of his last name, but he became our navigator when we became the lead crew.

Over the years, Bob Gunton and I have had infrequent contact - Xmas cards, visits, phone calls, etc. I have had no contact with any of the other crew members - I would sure like to hear from them or have a reunion.

I have often wondered if any sort of a history of the 44th BG or the 67th Squadron had been prepared - books, papers, articles, etc... If so, I sure would like any information as to where I could obtain them.

Thanks again for your efforts on behalf of the 44th Bomb Group.

Best wishes.



EDITOR: I see Bob Gunton is a life member, and we will put Art Hand on the trail of Lt. Milton Jobert. We don't have him on our roster and I don't see him listed in the Harvell history of the 44th; but we'll see if we can help you with that crew reunion.

This comes from:

Wallace R. Forman

2161 West County Road B, St. Paul, Minnesota 55113

Dear Mr. Owen:

The enclosed material may be of interest to the editor of your Organization's periodic newsletter, if you have one. I ask that you pass this on to that person.

The up-coming 50th anniversary of the end of World War II is lending popularity to some subjects which are normally not even thought about very often. One such thing is World War II aircraft nose art, names and pictures, crewmen used to decorate their planes. It was very popular on heavy bombers because their large sides provided almost a billboard on which to paint nose art.

One of my hobbies has been collecting World War II nose art, particularly from heavy bombers, the B-17's and B-24's. With almost 5,000 of their pictures and a data base of names going far beyond that, it is possible with the computer to drag out some conclusions as to which nose art names were the most popular, as well as to list the cutest names.

List #1 has a couple hundred of what I thought were the cutest and cleverest names, out of lists of almost 16,000 named B-17's and B-24's.

List #2 has a comparison of the most popular names, B-17's vs. B-24's.

The lists are offered free, should you feel your members would enjoy seeing these names (maybe again!). No strings attached; but, if your unit uses it, I would like a complimentary issue of your newsletter so I may see how you used the material. Happy nostalgia. A hobby shared is a lot more fun than one which just collects dust on a shelf!

Sincerely,

EDITOR: Very interesting offer. I did not include the lists here as they are so extensive. I will send Mr. Forman a copy of this 8 Ball Tails so any of you interested can take advantage of his offer.

This comes from:

Ed Schwarm

251 Regency Dr., Marstons Mills, Mass. 02648

1/16/95

Dear Will:

You can't imagine how happy I was to have you and the other "right guys" set up the 44th BGVA. Needless to say, we will both be at the San Antonio soiree. We can now look forward to some great times together. I was glad to see Pete Henry as a part of the team. He worked so hard to get the 2nd ADA and the 44th HMG to work together, but was thwarted at every move. We can now continue by working together, with all of that petty dissension buried behind us.

The 2nd ADA amateur radio net continues to flourish. With Bill and Shelagh Holmes meeting with us weekly from Norwich and 15-20 of us getting together each Tuesday morning, we have participants from all over the U.S. Of our about 50 members, 10 are 44th B.G. members, a real hot-shot bunch. With the sunspot cycle at the low, propagation is not too reliable, but we do get through to England and California most of the time. It is an 11-year cycle, and things will start getting better in about a year, so we will hang in there.

I recently got my copy of the 2nd Air Division history, and the article by "Jack" Whittle (Page 70) jogged my memory. When Bar-C crashed, I was on the scene shortly after and looked over the plane. They apparently tried to unfeather two or maybe three props at the same time and burned out the single fuse which fed all four feathering pump motors. They again demonstrated that a B-24 will not hold altitude on one engine. I wrote to Whittle about this and received an interesting letter back from William Heyburn II, who was the radio operator that day. It all makes a story which may be of interest to the 44th gang, so I am writing it up for your consideration for the 8-Ball Tails. I'll send it to you in a few weeks.

Thanks again for helping to resurrect the 44th. If I can be of any help here in the Northeast, please let me know. We are going to Norwich in May. Hope to see you there.

From one 8-Ball to another.

EDITOR: This comes to us from the ringleader of the 44th Bomb Group Ham Radio Net.


This comes from:

George Insley
865 Little Valley Road, Roseburg, Oregon 97470
6/9/95

Dear Will:

We just had the All American B-24 and 909 B-17 at our home town for the first time, though I had seen it in a couple other places.

I also took the opportunity to fly to Corvallis with them!

While in Corvallis, I had a fellow ask regarding the 44th BG as his father, Ken Caroon served with the 44th. So I gave him your address, as well as gave him info. His father had been shot down, was a POW, and I believe he died in the 50's. The son's name was Mike and had not known his father as an adult.

Mike Caroon's address is 4144 Durillo Place, Albany, OR 97321.

I had hoped to be able to get to the reunion in San Antonio, but we had made a commitment with tickets last Fall on a Special, so guess we will have to try for 1996.

We had three of us 44thers get together here:

Norm Nutt - Pilot, 66th Sq.
2210 Egret Court
Grants Pass, OR 97526-5993

Alex Ziel (shortened) 66th Sq. Bombardier Evadee 30
Dec. 43 LTC Retired
480 Horizon Lane
Myrtle Creek, OR 97457

Myself, George R. Insley, Pilot, 66th & 506th (Two tours).

We had over 20 pilots and crews from all Theatres. We are getting a lot of retired people here.

All for now, Thanks.

EDITOR: Thank you George for the information. We hope you can join us in 1996. I have written Mike and given him information about his father, who had flown with Flaherty in Africa, Ploesti, again to Africa in Sept 43, bailed out of Oakley's plane coming back from Weiner-Neustadt and became a POW.


This comes from:

Charles H. Wagner, 245 Aronimink Drive
Newton Square, Pennsylvania 19073
7/25/95

Dear Roy:

Congratulations are to be extended to you and the executive board of the 44th BCVA for continuing the organization so well. I have read the Spring issue of the 44th Journal and found it to be fascinating and reminiscent of those days we spent in Shipdham.

I was with the 68th Bomb Squadron, working on one of the many ground crews that were obligated to "keep them flying." My crew chief was M/Sgt. Barton O. Craemar. We had the privilege of working on such stalwart B-24's as "The Captain and The Kids," "The Captain and the Kids Ride Again," "Pistol-Packing Mama," and the famous "Corky."

I read with interest the account of the Butterfly bombing of our airfield as told by Barrett Taylor in your recent issue. His story was quite accurate because I was there and can confirm much of his story. I wonder how Barrett knew it was a JU-88 that dropped the butterfly bombs. As I remember, it happened at night, not in the daytime.

To the best of my recollection, the RAF was using the Shipdham runway for night takeoffs and landings; therefore, the runway lights were on. We were asleep in our barracks at the 68th site when I believe the siren alerting us to the presence of enemy aircraft sounded.

Fortunately, our barracks in the 68th site were adjacent to a bomb shelter. I blush to tell you what many of us did at the time. Many of the gallant combat crews of the 44th faced danger and death time and time again. From the comparative comfort of our communal site we never faced similar dangers. This was the only time our lives could be in jeopardy, so we flew from our beds and went into that bomb shelter.

I think I remember that the German aircraft flew somewhere over our 68th site on its homeward trek.

The next morning, we were alerted to stay away from the airfield while a British demolition team detonated all the bombs they could find. The nature of the butterfly bomb was that it was dropped onto a surface, but that impact on the ground only armed the bomb. The next object or person to touch the bomb would be blown up. The next morning, the British demolition team would sneak up on a butterfly bomb, place a fuse adjacent to it, and then from a safe distance would detonate the bomb. I suppose for several days, they used that process to demolish as many bombs as they could. Yes, as Barrett Taylor tells the story, a Britain in a small van ran over one of the bombs, and it blew his foot off.

Our 44th group obviously had to suspend operations until the bombs were cleared away.

Well, I know that the British demolition crews missed at least one bomb. You know that a taxi strip surrounded the three runways, and all the B-24's were parked in dispersals on either side of the taxi strip. Our dispersal area was on the northeast end of the field, not far from the firing range. Just at the corner where the entrance to our dispersal intersected the taxi strip, there was a clump of high grass. We had made a path through that high grass from the taxi strip to our dispersal. We must have used that path for months after that night attack and had not noticed that there lay a butterfly bomb, not detonated, hardly a foot away from our path. Anyone of us could have unconsciously detonated that bomb, but we missed it. Well, we often reflect on our good fortune. I don't recall, but someone or some persons must have set it off. So now I wonder, as the British reclaimed Shipdham field, tore up the runways and taxi strips, and converted the field into a field of sugar beets, did anyone else discover another butterfly bomb, much to his or her dismay?

This was my only exposure to life endangering combat all through my nearly four years at Shipdham.

Well, one might say that we faced other potential dangers, such as the V-1 buzz bomb approaching in the night, and we could tell that the engine had cut off. Laying there in our bunks, in that dead silence between engine cut off and impact, we wondered, "Is it headed for our barracks?" We heard the explosion, but it was always some distance away.

My wife and I would like to join the 44th at San Antonio, but we have to resolve a conflict in scheduling.

Thank you again for keeping the 44th historically alive. We are quite familiar with at least one member of your executive committee. Colonel Robert Lehnhausen had been our last Squadron Commander at Shipdham, but now he and his good wife, Liz are among our dearest friends in the still alive 68th Squadron.

Best regards.

EDITOR: Charles, your great letter reached me just in time for this issue of the Tails. Man, did you make your old Editor happy! My aim is to print stories that will stimulate others to respond with another story. No matter what your assignment was in that Group, there are stories to be told. As for what you seem to feel was an under exposure to "life endangering combat" you have no apologies to make. We were all there doing the job and when you learn about things like E-Bar flying four back to back missions twice in one month, you know there were some "Knuckle Busters" working like hell to keep that kind of turnaround rate going. If you asked them about it, like as not, you would hear "I'm just doing my job."



This comes from:

Jim Moos

Rt. 7 Box 142, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514

6/20/95

Dear Will:

There was so much information in the Spring issue of Eight Ball Tails that I'm still trying to absorb and process it into responses.

Also my word processor has gone a little crazy with the key which moves the cursor to the right quitting on me. Fortunately I can work around it.

Was happy to hear that the Tower project is to be looked at again by our new organization.

I am sending Steve Adams a couple of chapters of my memoir which pertain to my crew's time in the 66th, where we first started out. You mentioned also wanting stories pertaining to the group as a whole. I'll forward soon the chapters relating to combat and prison camp.

Thank you for the information on Gene Miller. He was in the 44th but must have been transferred. I lost track of him when my crew went to London on a long weekend. His crew was shot down and Gene was killed. I met up with his pilot in Miami where POW's were processed and went through medical exams.

The story by Rob Fisk and "Pings Away" is a classic and the one about the Christmas supper and candles is another. They are as important to our history as any. On Mission number 23 to Bugbein, we were hit by nine hundred forty two and a half Me 103's ..." Does he have more stories to share with us?

That Christmas we were in prison camp, but you'll see that when I send the accounts.

Just got the package off to Steve Adams.

I think the problem with my word processor was the high humidity. We had had a week of rain, downpours each day: now that the humidity is lower, the 'chine is working fine. However, I believe we have grown some condor-size mosquitoes. My wife has welts all over her arms and legs, in spite of repellent.

We understand from Irene O'Dopnnell that the American Wing is up and running in temporary quarters; I imagine at partial speed.

Our family doctor has recommended a British film, "Hope and Glory." Are you familiar with it? It's about a family with three children during the blitz and there are some priceless observations from the younger ones, a wonderful little film.

Won't bend your ear any longer, just wanted to say thanks.

Best.



This comes from:

Norm Nutt

*2210 Egret Court, Grants Pass, Oregon 97526-5993
Friday the 16th*

Hi Will:

Just a short note to say 'Hello' and send a picture.

Last week the B-24 All American and its flying mate, the B-17, flew into Roseburg, Oregon on its current tour. Roseburg is about 70 miles north of Grants Pass. I had previously called a fellow Vet living in Roseburg (who helped me last year when the planes visited Grants Pass) to see if they were stopping at Roseburg this year. Sure enough, they were so I went up there for a couple of days to join in the fun.

Of the many old geezers who came out of the woods was George Insley, who I had met the previous year in Grants Pass. Hence the picture. I believe he was in the 66th Squadron as well as the 506th; when, I don't know. I think that's his original A-2 jacket with the 8-Ball patch. Thought the picture might be of interest to you. There was a pretty good crowd to see the planes; but if the weather had been better, I think a lot more would have shown up. It was typical Oregon weather, cloudy, showery and cool.

All for now, Will. This computer toy takes up a lot of my time. But it's much easier and faster to keep up with my correspondence.

Please don't feel obligated to answer all my ramblings, I know how busy you are!

So far, I have gotten positive responses attending the San Antonio Reunion from (only) James Marsh, Bob Godwin and Elmer Kohn of my crew. I'll keep trying.

My best to Irene.

Sincerely,



*Norm Nutt of the 66th & George Insley of the 66th & 506th.
Roseburg, Oregon Airport
B-24 "All American"*

This comes from:

Jake T. Elias

*7 East Union Street, Nanticoke, Pennsylvania 18634
6/16/95*

Dear Roy:

I am assuming that you are still President, Editor & Publisher. Hence, I am enclosing a story for the Tales entitled "A Prayer For the Living." Also, I would like to know if you can arrange a review of my new novel, WAR & WOMEN. The novel tells the story of an air gunner, a clerk and several characters in a bomb group outside Dereham. And it follows the adventures of a couple paratroopers in training, overseas in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Normandy and the Battle of the Bulge. As the title discloses, it brings in the women the men meet during their years in training and battle, from innocent young things to experienced babes.

Definitely, I plan to attend the 44th reunion in San Antone, as my buddy, Ken Smith calls it. After missing the last two reunions of the 44th through conflicts, I am anxious to see all my dear friends in person (I picture them often in my mind, and I must confess, conduct a conversation with them in absentia).

You must note in FOLDED WINGS, the death of one of my best friends, Otis Van Rogers. I had a call from his daughter in February that he was very sick and she had little hope for him. Then two weeks later I got a call from his son telling me he had died. Van was a very religious man and lived according to his beliefs, not pretended. His wife, Esther, is just as noble, and I feel for her, knowing how she must be missing Van. We lived in the same hut of the 68th Squadron. Eugene 'Gino' DeWaters, the engineer of my group, (deceased now several years) once told me that Van was Bob Lehnhausen's favorite engineer. One night he put a twenty millimeter shell in the hut's stove and it blew the stove apart. After that, 'Gino' was No. 1. At least that was 'Gino's' story. We'd have to ask Bob if that is true.

We are all proud of the guys who took over and resurrected the 44th Group and we are willing to give them our help whenever asked. All the best to all of you.

Sincerely,



A SILENT PRAYER FOR THE LIVING

By J.T. Elias

It was a typical morning in Hut #7 of the 68th Bomb Squadron. The 'alert' had been posted on the bulletin board the previous evening, but no crew caller had interrupted the night's sleep. Still, with nerves on edge, I, and I suspect, most of the guys had one eye open during the damp cold night, twisting and turning under their scratchy blankets. But no door had suddenly opened, cruel bright lights turned on, and the abrasive yell of "up and at 'em" waking the heavy sleepers.

About eight o'clock, most of us were up. I turned on the radio, my first act on rising. A few minutes later the music stopped, an announcer came on with the news, and it was the big one. "Today, June 6th, Allied Forces stormed onto the shores of Normandy in France for the long awaited attack of Hitler's Europe."

There was complete silence in the hut. But after a minute, the routine of the day resumed - the men had been expecting the invasion for weeks and they quickly shrugged off the news. What surprised them was that they had not flown out to support the invading forces.

Some of the men went out to their bikes for the ride down to the mess hall for breakfast. Several of us roused the dormant fire in the tiny stove sitting in the center of the hut. Bread was brought out from someone's locker, jam and margarine from another's locker. Bob Keegan put a pot of water on the stove for the coffee. Most of us preferred this simple fare to the unappealing bland powdered eggs or S.O.S. served in the mess hall.

Outside, the sky was overcast, the air damp, the wind cold. A typical Norfolk day. We tramped through the muddy walk, about eleven o'clock, to the Aero Club across the road. There we ordered our morning tea and toast, sandwiches, scones. Two pretty English farm girls were behind the counter, taking our orders and smiling at our flirtation. They had months of experience fending off all kinds of offers from women-hungry G.I.s, yet they liked us and kept coming back for more.

We sat down and enjoyed our snack, the comfort of sitting at tables and chairs instead of benches and long rows of tables. Most of the talk was the usual - home, girlfriends, passes to London, bikes, the happenings at the pub in Hingham. Yet, in the back of every mind was the thought of men hitting the beaches in Normandy, of friends in the infantry, artillery, paratroops, brothers, cousins facing bullets and cold steel.

Back in the hut an hour later we were still on 'alert', and shortly the crew caller was in through the door. His eyes were solemn, his voice subdued. "Your turn to go, men. Briefing at 1:30."

Then began the usual round of getting ready. "Gino" DeWaters, our engineer; Ken "Sparks" Sprowl, radioman; Bobby Burns, tailgunner; Johnny Shelton and Pete Perrine, waist gunners; myself, nose gunner. From the other crew came Joe Hofkin, Paul Luthman, Bob Keegan, Van Rogers, Harry Ricketts, Erwin Summers. Dressed in our fighting clothes, the ones we might have to wear if we were shot down, we got on our bikes and headed for the briefing room. As we suspected, we were going to Normandy. This time, though, instead of the usual 27,000 feet of altitude, we were to go in at 12,000, just to make sure we hit the target, and not our own troops.

We went through all the rigmarole attendant on preparing to fly: picking up escape kits, flying clothes, pistol, seeing our chaplain. Then on the truck for the ride to the side of our plane, "Flak Magnet." There we threw our jackets and 'chutes on board, sat down with the officers to await the flare from the control tower whether or not we would be operational. "Skipper" Smith conferred with Al Bogdonas, our crew chief, who was so efficient, all "Skipper" had to do was ask if everything were okay. It always was, and we never had to abort due to mechanical failure.

This was the time to work off some of our tenseness and fear. Bobby Burns and "Gino" began to wrestle, while we all egged them on. Kenny Sprowl, when the wrestling was over, grabbed Johnny Shelton's hat and was chased around the plane. As they rounded the tail, the green flare went up. We boarded the plane, all smiles gone, all was now business.

Assembly went well in daylight, once we went through the first layer of clouds, we were on our way. Around London, we watched as it slid by and we wondered if we would be lucky enough to go on pass there again. The barrage balloons looked like small pearls, the suburban developments like tiny toy houses. Then the coast and now the broad expanse of water. Everywhere the sun glinted on the restless water, and the water seemed to be painted with ships, small, large, in between, ships everywhere, one lane going to France, one to England.

We listened on the intercom as "Skipper" told about his exploits with the women in London, Powner and



Barlow breaking in to tell of the women they had and their adventures with them. Were they boasting? When men are facing Death, are facts the only things that matter?

From my vantage point in the nose, I could see the gaggles of planes ahead, the vast armada of ships below, and soon the dark line of land ahead. As we neared, we could see smoke rising in columns from the earth. At twelve thousand feet, we would be easy prey for the sharpshooting flak gunners below. Now we were over the shore, now swiftly moving inland. Ahead I could see the black bursts with their dead red center surrounding the squadrons in front of us. And seconds later, the bumps that told us on the toggle to drop the bombs - I was to switch them out when our lead bombardier dropped his bombs.

The sweat poured down my brow as my eyes focused on the planes ahead. When, oh when would he drop those bombs? The flak surrounded us, the plane shook and stumbled and wiggled. At last, the bombs fell. I flicked the switch, the plane rose momentarily as the bomb burden dropped from it. We turned to the right. Then the plane shook almost out of control. "Skipper" managed to right it. "Gino's" voice came over the intercom: "Number four engine is smoking." I could not turn around to look, my eyes had to scan the sky for bandits. But moments later "Gino" had the fire under control and soon it was out. Now, with three engines and the shock of the flak, we were out of formation. But it was only minutes before we were over the coast and out of harm's way.

I looked down at the smoking coast. Down there were my friends from home. Had they survived? Were they wounded and bleeding to death? Were they prisoners? Were they making headway or were they surrounded by the enemy? Were they able to make progress? Were they wet and cold? Were they hungry? All these questions entered my mind. Here was I, up out of harm's way, going back to a dry bed and hot food, and down there were my friends and relatives, and I did not know how they were faring.

We flew back alone, on three engines. We were leaving the action. But down there, they would be in the thick of action for days, weeks. All the way back I prayed silently for those poor men who were down below, for those who had died in the assault, and for the living.

EDITOR: Thanks Jake for the letter and the Silent Prayer For The Living. You've expressed the feelings we've all had. Looking forward to seeing you in San Antonio.



A FEW OF OUR NORWICH AREA FRIENDS

By way of introduction for those who have not had the pleasure of meeting personally these English friends of the 44th, the big fellow on the left is John Page who has, over the years, done so much in support of the 44th, there is not space to enumerate. Visibly, besides being tour guide for any visiting 44th'ers, John and his wife Janet have for many years annually traveled to Cambridge to place the 44th Memorial Wreath at the American Cemetery. Next is Paul Wilson, expert cabinet maker and artist. He built and installed all the 44th memorabilia display cabinets at Arrow Air. He had done a great deal of 8-Ball art work for us, and like John, is a ready volunteer guide for 44th visitors. In the center is Tony North, Master Librarian, recently retired by failing vision from many years of service in the Memorial Room of the Norwich Library. Tony probably is the most knowledgeable person in England about the history of the Second Air Division and is a particular friend of the 44th. Next to Tony is Steve Young, a supporter so steeped in 44th heritage, he is currently writing the history of the 66th Bomb Squadron. Steve will be serving as our on-site consultant and representative for the Arrow Air Center/44th Bomb Group Pilots Lounge-Memorial Room project. On the far right is David Morgan, the man responsible for setting up the 44th Bomb Group memorial exhibit at Arrow Air, with Steve and Paul they collected (in large part from Bill Cameron) the great display of 44th history in the existing Arrow Air building. You will be seeing Steve Young, his wife and Paul Wilson at San Antonio. Kevin Watson, pictured in the Eastbourne-Ruthless Memorial of which he was the driving force, will also be making a brief visit with us at the reunion. Be sure to make them feel as welcome as they do us when we visit Shipdham and Norwich.

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SEARCH - ROSTER - MAIL LIST

If you hear of a 44th'er that does not belong to our Association, or has passed away, please notify:

Art Hand

517 Elm Street

Paris, Illinois 61994

Phone/Fax: (217) 463-5905

If you move or change any aspect of your address or phone number, wife's name, want to stop receiving the 8 Ball Tails or whatever, please notify:

Tom Shepherd

10597 Cambrooke Cove

Collierville, Tennessee 38017

Phone: (901) 854-6558 Fax: (901) 853-4229

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ABOUT RECEIVING YOUR 8 BALL TAILS

Although we had the membership/ mailing list pretty well scrubbed, we had a bunch of calls about not receiving Issue #2 and we had a lot of Address Correction Requested returns. Both require re-mails which cost \$1.01 to mail first class. This added to the .50 cents postage due for the return, the \$1.90 per copy publishing cost, and we're looking at \$3.71 to put the 8 Ball Tails at your correct address, to say nothing of the phone costs sometimes to get the thing straightened out. A lot of it is moving and failing to send us a change of address card (recently, after two long distant calls and two re-mails it turns out the member had been at another address for three years and had failed to give us a change). Those of you who are "Snowbirds" are our next biggest problem. You must drop Tom Shepherd a note when you are making your Summer and Winter moves. Otherwise, when the Spring and Fall issues go out and we guess wrong on where you are, we get the Tails back with 50 cents postage due and with a sticker on it saying Temporarily Away and we go through the re-mail exercise again.

IN THE FUTURE, IF WE GET A RETURN AND YOU HAVE FAILED TO GIVE US A CHANGE OF ADDRESS, WE WILL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO PAY THE RETURN AND RE-MAIL POSTAGE. HELP US TO SERVE YOU AS BEST WE CAN!

THE 44TH MAKES ITS MARK AT LEXINGTON

The 2nd Air Division held its 48th Annual Convention at the beautiful Marriott Griffin Gate Resort outside of Lexington, Kentucky July 3-6, 1995. In terms of Group recognition, there's not much of it at 2nd Air Division reunions, but notwithstanding our small 26 head representation (wives and all), our "return to the fold" was made known to all. First your ol' Prez took advantage of a beautifully kept, somewhat short golf course to shoot a 74 and win their Low Gross overall championship going away. More significantly, I was invited to participate in the Candle Lighting Ceremony and was afforded the honor of lighting the Ploesti Candle in the memory of all of your gallant comrades who paid the ultimate price for the success of that amazing feat.

Will Lundy and I also met with Mr. Dave Turner, President of Turner Publishing, who did the beautiful 2nd Air Division History. We have agreed to have Turner do a 44th History in a similar format. There will be more information to you in future 8 Ball Tails, but I must tell you now this will, in all probability, be the last comprehensive history of the 44th done in our time, and it will be beautiful. Don't miss the plane on this one!

Also, Will and I met with Lt. Gen. Buck Schuler, CEO of The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Center to discuss their request for our participation in developing a master computer data base for every known person, unit, base and airplane that participated in World War II and forward in Eighth Air Force. It will take a lot of input, but the day will come when it will be possible to punch a name and see a read out of an entire history of Eighth Air Force service associated with that name.

Also mentioned elsewhere, was the decision by Pete Henry that he wants to continue on with his duties as our Group Vice President to 2nd Air Division; so the appointment of Dick Butler was rescinded. Dick will happily return to the ranks and resume his role as one of the "elders" of the clan dispensing his advice and counsel when requested.



*Roy Owen and
Lolly accepting
the Golf
Tournament
Gross plaque from
Tournament
Chairman Pete
Henry.*

*Roy Owen flanked
by Floyd Mabee
(93rd) on the left
and George Makin
(389th) on the right
lighting the Ploesti
Candle.*



WILL LUNDY

THE LITTLE GUY WITH THE BIG FLAG

For a change, the 44th Bomb Group had a bit of leadership in an 2nd Air Division affair. The big Sunday parade in Norwich on May 7th organized in a parking lot in front of the Central Library that burned. Our American vets were scheduled to bring up the rear, following the Salvation Army's band. That was good (they were replacements for another band that couldn't make it) because it helped us (at least a few of us) to keep in step. Dick Butler finally stepped in to take on the command of our members, which was in columns of three (narrow streets) and three "squadrons" of about 100 each, maybe a bit less. After the Mayoress gave her speech, the active military and several hundred assorted veterans' groups marched ahead of us, for quite a distance through the city streets to the Cathedral. Dick Butler was the drill commander, with me right behind him carrying the American flag, with the two other flags (2nd ADA and 8th AF) on each side of me. So we led our 2nd ADA contingent past the city hall, along side the market square, and along the streets, receiving much applause and cheering. I am sure all of that noise of appreciation was because we were able to walk, not for our marching! But for me, at least, it was quite a thrill. It brought tears to my eyes.

However, my job was not finished when we eventually got to the huge Norwich Cathedral, not at all. We had to wait because the church people had not opened the Cathedral as the crowd was so huge, they had to restrict entrance to invited guests only!! There were many hundreds of "honored" guests, and so only a few others could find standing room only.

And there was me, alone except for an RAF Union Jack flag bearer. The two of us were to be the last to enter, slow march, carrying the two flags, side by side. I didn't have the least idea of what I was to do except watch this other guy at the altar, that proved to be at the far end of the Cathedral. However, the aisles were so narrow, or full, that at times I had to fall behind him, and then follow. It was a bit funny to the observers, I suspect, because I couldn't begin to do what he did! Have you ever tried to hold a 10 foot flag staff and a large flag in front of you? You could only see to the sides, not in front. And secondly, here I was, a person who can't walk a straight line even cold sober, because of the loss of balance in an accident years ago (blood clots in the back of my head). This guy ahead of me in perfect beat to the music, with a slow, halting step, typically perfect English march, and this old, short American faithfully following him, weaving from side to side, not being able to maintain his balance for that foot up, hesitating step!

In my wobbling walk, I also caught my foot on the uneven stone floor and nearly tripped. Then further along, again following my perfect guide, but not seeing him, he lowered his flag in order to pass through the opening which also was quite low. Naturally, I banged into the overhead arch before I saw it. I tried to bend my

knees to lower the flag, but couldn't get low enough. So desperately, I backed up a step, got the staff out of the pouch holder, and thanks to a thinking gentleman who dashed forward to help me carry the lowered flag through the arch, I could again raise it high and put it back into the pouch.

Finally, we approached the large altar, which proved to be a very large stone, rather coffin-like. No flag standards, so the priest took my flag and draped it over the altar. Was I through making a spectacle of myself? No!

About two-thirds through the ceremonies, the two of us returned to the altar to retrieve our respective and respectful flags. This professional had a bearer harness with a metal cup in which he would place the staff. Mine was a new, white, heavy canvas thing that had been stored so long, it was folded closed and difficult to keep open while I placed the wood staff into it. Well, you already know what happened from the above description. The priest lifted my flag, handed it to me, and I raised it high, lowered it to the canvas pouch. Naturally it was partially closed and the flag would not enter. Have you ever held a heavy flag staff 10 feet long, with a heavy metal eagle on top, plus a large flag? Well, neither had I until then. I tried to hold it all alone with one hand that was attached to an arthritic shoulder and fumbled with the other trying to mate the two. Needless to say, it was obvious to many hundreds observing it all that I needed help. The pole was getting out of a vertical position, making it even harder to hold up in the air, let alone straight; and my strength was failing. Embarrassingly, the priest stepped forward, supported the pole until I finally got the darn thing into that canvas cup, and then I followed the perfect example ahead of me back down the center of this huge Cathedral. However, on this return route I knew about the arch and managed to remove the staff, lower it, go through the arch, and with exceptional good luck, get the pole back into the pouch.

In the center of the Cathedral, we both stopped again, separated and stood about 15 feet apart. Flags were upraised until they played the two national anthems. The English lowered their flag to the floor when the American anthem was played, but I was told not to lower mine for any reason. When my time came, I held it aloft, hoping that I was following the proper protocol and was not insulting our hosts.

Finally...the long walk back to the front door. About 100 feet into the courtyard, we again stopped, separated, and again stood at attention while the whole congregation filed back outside. By then I felt that I was married to the flag. It had been so much a part of me for at least 2 1/2 hours. It truly was an endurance feat and proved once again to me, NEVER VOLUNTEER!

EDITOR: I just couldn't let this go by!





Arthur King unveiling the Memorial



Pictured from left, Mayor Ron Parsons, former Mayor Maurice Skilton, Mayoress Elsie Parsons and Mrs. Stella Myshrall at the ceremony.



AMERICAN Stella Myshrall, aged 80, whose brother, Chester Yurick, died in the crash at the age of 27, came to England especially for the Butts Brow ceremony.

The following is taken from the Eastbourne Herald, Saturday, May 20, 1995, reported by Maria Brooks and pictures by John Wade:

Plaque marks spot where bomber crew died

Americans' memorial

THE steadfast commitment of one man culminated in a moving ceremony at Butts Brow in memory of 10 American airmen who lost their lives 50 years ago.

Arthur King, who saw the American bomber Ruth-Less crash into the Downs from his Victoria Drive home, never forgot the tragedy and went to the spot every year on Remembrance Sunday to lay flowers in memory of the young men who died so far from home.

On Saturday, May 6, Mr. King was once again at Butts Brow, but this time hundreds of people, including the sister of one of the crew, were there to see him unveil a permanent memorial.

The Reverend Roger McAvoy gave the opening address and the Bank of the Royal British Legion played the hymn O Valiant Heart.

Willingdon man Kevin Watson, who had been instrumental in bringing the memorial about, described how the crew had failed to return safely after a bombing raid in Northern France.

Colonel Dick Butler, Staff Sgt. Will Lundy and Sgt. Harry Jenkins, who all served in the same squadron as the crew, flew over from the United States to pay their respects, as did 80-year-old Stella Myshrall, whose brother, Chester Yurick, died in the crash aged only 27.

The first wreath was laid by Lt. Col. Thomas Snukis, representing the American Ambassador, who said it was critical that present generations should remember what had been done, and how the sacrifice of many had paved the way for the freedom we have today.

**VE
DAY**

Mayor of Eastbourne Ron Parsons said he was honoured to represent the citizens of Eastbourne who had responded so generously to the memorial appeal.

The Vicar and Rural Dean of Eastbourne Canon Nicholas Reade read Psalm 121 and the crowd sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

As the American and British National Anthems were played, 16 standards were lowered, and the finishing touch to a moving and memorable occasion was provided by five of the Red Arrows, who dipped their wings in salute on a perfectly-timed flypast.



The following was taken from the *English Framlingham Times*, March, 1995:

ONE LIBERATOR AMONG MANY

By Ian Hawkins

Among my numerous wartime memories is the crash-landing, on Sunday, 20th February 1944, of an American B-24 Liberator, a four-engine heavy bomber, very near my home in the small Suffolk Village of Freston, four miles south of Ipswich, Suffolk, where I spent my childhood and part of my adult years.

At that time, I was totally unaware that the B-24 was part of the 8th USAAF's first mission in the "Big Week" series of operations when General Jimmy Doolittle threw down the gauntlet to the Luftwaffe to come up and fight. This the German Air Force did, and the resultant air battles were among the most fierce in the history of air warfare.

Having run out of fuel while returning from the mission to Helmstadt, Germany, the B-24, after taking the tops off several mature oak trees, then reducing a tall telegraph pole to matchwood during its gliding approach, was wrecked on landing on a large field between two extensive areas of dense woodlands, Cutler's Wood, Freston and Holbrook Park. After crash landing, the 27-ton bomber broke in two halves while slewing round to face the direction of its approach. We subsequently heard that the B-24 had been based at Shipdham, Norfolk.

During those desperate, dramatic and eventful wartime years, East Anglian youngsters were very familiar with all the different types of bombers and fighters of both the Allied and the German Air Forces, principally to ensure one's own survival in case of low-flying Luftwaffe aircraft, but also due to the close proximity of many Royal Air Force and American 8th Army Air Force airfields located near the East Anglian coast, which juts out into the North Sea directly opposite the then front-line Luftwaffe airfields and military bases in occupied Holland, Belgium and northern France, a mere 30-minutes flying time away.

On arriving at the crash site about half an hour after the B-24 came down, I found several other local people were already clustered around the wreckage. It was the first time I'd seen a Liberator so close: we'd all seen the bombers on the occasional day of clear weather, B-24's and B-27 Fortresses, flying high overhead in precise formations, appearing like hundreds of distant crosses. The combined sound of those thousands of aircraft

engines made the ground tremble.

What impressed me most was the B-24's vast size. How anything so big and heavy could actually fly was quite beyond my comprehension. There was no sign of the bomber's crew, but someone said they'd been taken to a nearby house to await transportation back to their base.

Following the youngsters, I climbed inside the bomber's fuselage and vividly recall the dozens of thin, multi-colored plastic coated electrical leads extending along the interior of the roof and fuselage sides, together with the distinctive smells of plastic, oil and petrol. Long, looping belts of .50 calibre ammunition inside the cluttered and confined space, heavy machine guns, oxygen bottles, discarded oxygen masks, the odd twisted propeller blade, thick, broken chunks of bullet-proof perspex from the gun turrets, many strips of silver anti-radar "chaff" and various items of other equipment all provided ideal souvenirs which subsequently kept the local "Bobbies" (village policemen whom we all greatly respected) at full stretch for several weeks afterwards as they endeavored to track down and confiscate the more dangerous "souvenir" from their schoolboy "owners."

A few days later the wreckage of the Liberator was hauled from the crash site on low-loader trucks, via Freston Village, around the Ipswich by-pass and on to the vast aircraft "grave-yard" at Woodbridge Airfield, the emergency landing runway, for eventual salvage.

Many years went by and it wasn't until October, 1991 that I finally established contact in America with two of the surviving crewmen from that Liberator: Herman Glasser, left waist-gunner and David Talbott, pilot. I subsequently learned that two of the bomber's crewmen, T/Sgt. George Clausen, top-turret gunner/flight engineer and S/Sgt. Robert Werning, right-waist gunner had been seriously injured during the crash-landing and they never flew combat missions again. The crew had been taken to a country house in Holbrook where the owner's daughter was preparing for her forthcoming wedding, but she required suitable material for her wedding dress. Lt. Talbott solved the problem by giving her his silken white parachute.



Three weeks later, during the mission to Brunswick, Germany on 15 March 1944, Lt. Talbott and his crew, with two replacements, were shot down and forced to bail out from another B-24 over Zwolle, Holland. Sadly, Lt. Arthur Goldman, (Navigator), and Lt. Clifford Montgomers, (Bombardier), were killed in action. However, Lt. Talbott and T/Sgt. Raymond Swick, Radio Operator, evaded capture and escaped. They subsequently fought alongside resistance organizations in occupied France until liberated by advancing Allied forces in August, 1944. The six surviving crewmen, copilot and five gunners, were made Prisoners of War in Germany and Austria until they were also freed by advancing Allied Armored Units in May, 1945.

Present day photographs of the crash site near Cutler's Wood, Freston and of the beautiful country house at Holbrook, both virtually unchanged since 1944, were taken in November, 1991 by my wife Mary. Copies of each picture were sent to Herman Gasser and David Talbott. These were much appreciated and brought back vivid memories of those dramatic times.

As 1944 progressed, the quite extraordinary sight and sound of 1,000 American bombers all heading east, going to war across the North Sea, was a common sight to a generation of East Anglians. A little later the escorting fighters would speedily and noisily follow the bomber's lingering contrails to keep their prearranged and precisely scheduled rendezvous with the bombers over mainland Europe.

When those aircraft returned to their bases from long and often bloody missions in the late afternoon or early evening, the evidence was clearly visible. The saying, "Three engines turning...one burning..." was not a misnomer and was an all too common sight to a generation of East Anglians.

Many severely damaged Allied bombers and fighters sought the sanctuary of the huge runway at the emergency landing airfield at Woodbridge, 10 miles from the Suffolk coast. As many as 50 emergency landings were handled in any one 24-hour period. As darkness fell, the temporary silence would again be broken by the sound of aircraft engines as long streams of Royal Air Force Bomber Command aircraft in the night skies continued the "round the clock" bombing offensive. The wartime skies over East Anglia were never still.

However, the cost in young men's lives flying bombing missions from England was very high. RAF Bomber Command lost 55,000 killed between 1939 and 1945.

The 8th and 9th USAAF lost 26,000 and 1,500 killed respectively between 1942 and 1945. In addition, the RAF and the 12th and 15th USAAF, operating from bases in North Africa and Italy, also suffered grievous losses.

The records reveal the grim statistics of the 44th Bomb Group: "The Flying Eightballs" lost 153 B-24 Liberators missing in action and a further 39 bombers to other operational losses between September, 1942 and May, 1945.

After the war, Jacob Elias, a former waist gunner with the 44th Bomb Group, returned to what had once been a noisy, thriving and bustling bomber base at Shipdham: "In 1955 I went back to Shipdham...seams and cracks in the concrete, sprouting weeds...derelict shells of wartime buildings...out on the main runway stood an abandoned farm machine...Up in the control tower broken glass covered the floor, an open door creaked eerily in the breeze..."

"Faces flitted through my mind, faces of men - boys really, who had become men before their time. Where were all those wonderful kids?...Kids who didn't speak of patriotism, love of country, fear of death, but who went out, did the best they could - clumsily at times, perfectly sometimes, but always the best they could..."

EDITOR: We got this from an English Newspaper. One of the best we've read perceptions of the air war being waged from East Anglian through the eyes of a young lad who lived through those years.

MISSING - ONE EACH NOSE GEAR

By *Bob Lehnhausen, 68th Squadron*

The Wiener-Neustadt mission, the first one, flown on August 13, 1943, (I think) was for us an easy mission for the first 85% of the flight. My recollections of this mission are most vivid, for I have always considered it to be the best bit of flying that I did during my Air Corps career. For me, this mission had a lot of unusual circumstances. It was the first mission that the group flew after the August 1, 1943 Ploesti Low Level Mission. It was my first combat mission with the 68th as a First Pilot. Although I joined the unit as a Pilot, I flew all of my missions up to this point as a Co-Pilot. All of my four engine training had been as a B-17 Pilot. In fact, our crew flew a B-17 to England. At Bovingdon, we were transferred to B-24's. I flew with Stub Garrett through the July 2, 1943, Lecce, Italy mission which ended in our ditching. The Ploesti mission was flown as Co-Pilot for Shannon, filling in for George Armstrong who had become ill.

The Wiener-Neustadt mission was flown with Ben Gildart's crew. I flew as Pilot, Gildart as Co-Pilot. Frank Davido, who was the Co-Pilot for this crew, flew the mission on the flight deck. Our Squadron Navigator, George Kelley, also was on this mission with us. It was the first combat mission for this crew,

and, understandably, they were not happy that their Pilot was in the right seat and a guy they didn't know was in the left seat. For myself, I wasn't happy either to be flying with an inexperienced crew who made no secret of their dislike for the arrangement. However, I was thrilled to have the first opportunity to fly in the left seat after a five month "training period" with the 68th.

The BENINA MAIN briefing for this shuttle mission gave some emergency airfield alternatives to the planned landing field in Tunisia. Such briefing information was usually of secondary importance. However, we did copy it down, never dreaming that we would have need for this intelligence data.

My recollection of the target was that we were bombing an aircraft assembly facility that was adjacent to a military airfield. The military had a training unit stationed at the field. We could anticipate some opposition in the target area.

Mission take off, assembly, penetration to target, bomb run and withdrawal from target area were all routine and uneventful. We dropped our bombs in clear weather and experienced no enemy opposition. It was a true "milk run," well, until we were midway across Italy. A routine check of fuel indicated we were very low on one engine and not in good shape on a second engine. An attempt was made to transfer fuel from the other

tanks to balance the supply, but we were unable to get the available fuel to the needed areas. This signalled an emergency situation. We determined that we could not possibly make our planned landing in Tunisia. We would have to seek an emergency landing field.

George Kelley gave the location and approximate flight times to the emergency fields that had been given to us by Intelligence at our morning briefing. It was decision making time. I opted to try for one of the fields given to us, located in Sicily. Even though that meant an over water flight, I had confidence that we could solve the fuel transfer problems. However, prudence required being cautious.

We reported our situation to the Squadron Leader and left the group formation as we left the Italian Coast to head across the Tyrrhenian Sea. We departed the Italian Coast just south of Naples. My memory is that this was also the day that Allied troops took the city of Naples.

The first briefed emergency field we approached on the northern coast of Sicily had been totally devastated by bombs. It looked like the field had grown a massive case of pocks, so close and so many that the pocks had pocks. No chance of putting down there.

At that moment of disappointment, I spotted the glint of sun off an East-West



blacktop runway many miles in the distance, directly south of our position. It proved to be the second alternative listed. We continued to this second location. We were still working on the fuel transfer system – unsuccessfully.

As we approached the area of our intended landing, we lost and feathered our #3 engine. As the field came into view, it was apparent that the field was in use. A unit of American fighters was dispersed about the perimeter of the field. However, the paved strip was filled with bomb craters and painted empty oil drums stood on end to indicate that it was not in use. The grassy area of the field used by the fighters was short and with many bomb craters throughout it. To me there appeared to be a space on the east end (approach end) of the grassy area of the field that may be usable if the width of the landing gear was less than the distance between two of the bomb craters. It would permit us to make our approach and touchdown ahead of the craters and then use the grassy area beyond for roll and slow down. In my judgement, we had no choice, we must try it. It had to work. There was no opportunity for a go-around. Even if we had had power available, a range of mountainous foothills off the west end of the field discouraged a go-around.

For a landing, our line of flight to the south made it necessary to fly a base leg and turn onto a

westerly approach. We had 5,000 feet of altitude to lose between base and touchdown. As we prepared to land, some of the crew on the flight deck discouraged me with "You can't make it, you can't make it."

As we turned onto the approach, we lost our second engine – out of gas. God was good to us though. All of the hours of training in flight school and in four engine flying came to fruition. Few can imagine the thrill of successfully making a "spot" landing in such a situation. To touchdown at precisely the point selected as ideal and to realize that there would be sufficient space between craters to permit maximum use of the field available. It was momentarily exhilarating.

Having achieved successful touchdown, now the challenge was to get stopped as quickly as possible. We had gotten the aircraft and the crew safely to a briefed alternate airfield, had it on the ground, now we had only a limited amount of clear real estate available to us. We still had work to do.

We immediately lowered the nose to permit early braking and shortening of our landing roll. The self-satisfaction of the successful touchdown was very short lived.

The forward push on the control column to put the nose wheel onto the field went beyond normal. Lo and behold, the nose continued its downward movement and so did

the whole plane – tail high. The nose gear had failed to extend. With all the other problems, no one had bothered to check upon it. We skidded to an abrupt stop.

We shut down everything and made a hasty exit.

Such a sad end for one of our noble ships. Only after return to base did I learn that: 1) the nose gear had been replaced the night before the mission and had not been flight tested; 2) the #3 engine was a "gas hog"; 3) the crew who flew it on Ploesti had had that problem.

Unfortunately, I have always had the feeling that my superiors were displeased that we had left that plane in Sicily. It also demonstrates one of the situations in life where perspective made a tremendous difference in the evaluation of the act.

I hope this assists you in fleshing out the mission report. The irony of it is that 52 years after the fact, someone asks what really happened. I have given you a brief account of the vivid recollections of the actions of a young pilot in unusual circumstances. Not the best of missions, but certainly not as disastrous as it might have been. Thank God.

EDITOR: Like this article, Bob is ageless. His contributions to the 44th BGVA are too numerous to mention...besides, he would "fat lip" me if I did.



**44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION
DRAFT BUDGET FOR
CALENDAR YEAR 1995**

Projected income:

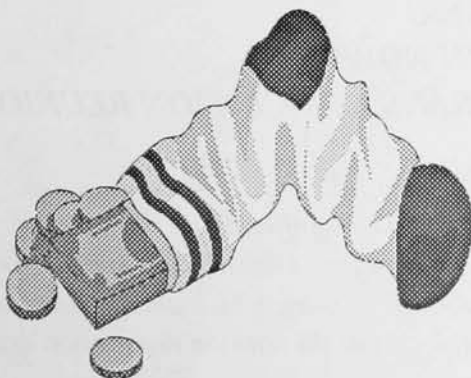
145 Life Members (allocated @ \$15)	\$2,175
750 Regular Members @ \$15	11,250
Reunion Income (net)	2,500
Contributions (estimated)	300
Investment Income (estimated)	500

Projected Expenditures:

3 Issues of 8 Ball Tails @ \$2,000	\$6,000
(first issue \$2,883)	(883)
Historian	900
Unit Historians 4 @ \$150	600
Archive Research	200
Membership Search (Hand)	600
Roster (Shepherd)	200
Treasurer	400
Directors 9 @ \$500 (travel)	4,500
President (Admin & travel)	900
Secretary	300
Tax Exempt Status Fee	465
Bulk Mail Permit	<u>150</u>

Total	\$15,215
	<u>(883)</u>
	\$16,098
	\$16,725
	<u>- 16,098</u>
	627

We need another 150 Members @ \$15 \$2,250



**THE DOLLARS AND
CENTS
OF
THE
44TH BOMB GROUP
VETERANS
ASSOCIATION**

**44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION
COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS OF ACTIVITY AND BUDGET
PERIOD JANUARY 1, 1995 TO JUNE 30, 1995**

	BUDGET 1995	INCOME PERIOD 1/1/95 - 6/30/95	YEAR TO DATE	
			OVER BUDGET	UNDER BUDGET
INCOME				
Life Memberships				
145 Projected	2,175			
Actual 139		814		1,361
Regular Memberships	11,250	4,685		6,565
Reunion Income	2,500	-		2,500
Contributions	300	1,514	<u>1,214</u>	
Investment Income	<u>500</u>	<u>396</u>		<u>104</u>
Totals	16,725	7,409	1,214	10,530
EXPENDITURES				
8 Ball Tails (3 issues)	6,000			
8 Ball Tails (1 issue)		2,957	957	
Historian	900	591		309
Unit Historians	600			600
Archive Research	200			200
Membership Research	600	175		425
Membership Roster	200			200
Treasurer	400	443	43	
Directors Travel (9)	4,500	1,061		3,439
President (Adm & Travel)	900	749		151
Secretary	300			300
IRS Tax Exempt Filing	465	465		
Bulk Mail Permit	<u>150</u>			<u>150</u>
Capital Equipment		<u>287</u>	<u>287*</u>	
Totals	15,215	6,728	1,287	5,774
Income Exceeds Expense:		681		

This abbreviated statement portrays our operating accounts versus our operating budget. Our reunion income and expenditures are kept in an account separate from our general operating accounts.

**Fax machine for Treasurer.*

**44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS
ASSOCIATION
1995 REUNION SCHEDULE
OCTOBER 19 - 23, 1995**

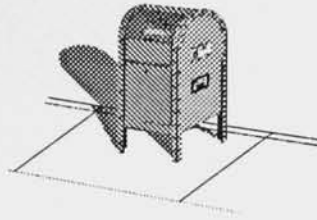
<i>Thursday 19 October</i>	<p>9:00 a.m. Registration all day.</p> <p>3:30 p.m. Reception, Hors d'oeuvres, cash bar.</p> <p>5:00 p.m. Hospitality Room opens, free bar. Dinner on your own.</p>
<i>Friday 20 October</i>	<p>9:30 a.m. Hospitality Tour No. 1.</p> <p>3:00 p.m. Hospitality Room opens, free bar.</p> <p>6:30 p.m. Buffet Dinner in Ballroom, cash bar.</p>
<i>Saturday 21 October</i>	<p>9:30 a.m. & 10:00 a.m. Buses leave for River Walk.</p> <p>2:30 p.m. & 3:00 p.m. Buses return to hotel.</p> <p>3:30 p.m. Business Meeting in Ballroom.</p> <p>5:00 p.m. Hospitality Room opens, free bar.</p> <p>6:00 p.m. Squadron Dinners. Dance following. Sponsored by the 506th Squadron.</p>
<i>Sunday 22 October</i>	<p>8:45 a.m. Golf, Ft. Sam., Transport TBA.</p> <p>10:00 a.m. Hospitality Tour No. 2.</p> <p>3:00 p.m. Hospitality Room opens, free bar.</p> <p>6:30 p.m. Banquet: Preceded by Color Guards and Candle Light Ceremony presented by 506th Squadron. Mexican dancers to follow.</p>
<i>Monday 23 October</i>	<p>8:00 a.m. Farewell Buffet Breakfast -10:00 a.m.</p>

**DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER!
GET YOUR RESERVATIONS IN NOW!**

DON'T MISS THE FIRST 44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION REUNION!

For those of you who are driving or are not particularly interested in the tours being offered and might be inclined to rent a car for a day to do some adventuring on their own, 44th'ers Ed and Jane Donnelly of Kerrville, Texas (about 75 miles NW of San Antonio suggest some touring of the Texas Hill country, which among many other attractions, has the LBJ Ranch. There will be maps and touring information at the reunion registration desk to guide you through a "do it yourself" tour of this beautiful part of Texas.





GENERAL ELECTION

In accordance with Article V, Section 1. (2) the Executive has adjusted the initial term of three Directors-at-Large to one year to accomplish the staggering of terms. Those Directorships selected were the Support Group, the 67th Squadron, and the 506th Squadron. Al Ruby, the elected Director for the Support Group asked to be relieved in June for health reasons. President Owen appointed Melvin Trager of HQ. Squadron to complete that term. Ray McNamara, Director for the 67th declined re-nomination as did John Milliken, Director for the 506th. The Constitution requires the nominating committee to submit two candidates for each vacating officer. VOTE FOR ONE CANDIDATE FROM EACH OF THE THREE UNITS, OR CHECK THE BOX GIVING YOUR PROXY TO THE PRESIDENT.

Cut Here

44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION BALLOT

SUPPORT GROUP

- MELVIN TRAGER, Incumbent, HQ., CREST HILL, ILLINOIS
- R.H. "PHIL" PHILLIPS, 14TH CBW., LINDSAY, OKLAHOMA

67TH BOMB SQUADRON

- ROBERT I. "BOB" BROWN, 67TH., SAN RAMON, CALIFORNIA
- DONALD CHASE, 67TH, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

506TH BOMB SQUADRON

- SHERMAN "BUD" DOWETT, 506TH, GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
- THOMAS "TOM" HOBSON, 506TH, COLUMBUS, OHIO

- I hereby authorize Roy W. Owen, President, 44th BGVA, to cast my vote by proxy using his best judgment in the matter of this election of officers only.

Signature

Date

Unit

Check your selection, and in the case of a proxy, sign above, then either bring your ballot to San Antonio to drop into the ballot box at registration; or prior to October 1, mail your ballot to: James H. Clements, Vice President, 44th Bomb Group Veterans Association, 4124 Calculus Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75244

44TH BOMB GROUP VETERANS ASSOCIATION REUNION

SAN ANTONIO '95

OCTOBER 19 ~ 22

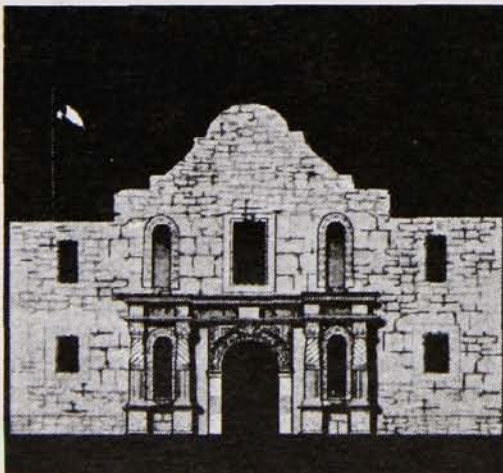


44th Bomb Group
Veterans Association
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Reunion '95 October 19 - 22